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## *The London Church Congress.*

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IT was expected that, occurring during the present crisis, the Church Congress of this year would be the occasion of some hot encounters. On the contrary, it has passed off most tranquilly. The English Church Union Meeting, which immediately preceded it, was somewhat militant, and threatened Disestablishment ; and on the Thursday evening meeting, when the function of Ritual was to be discussed, the reception accorded to Lord Halifax and Mr. Webb-Peploe by their respective supporters and opponents showed that the contending parties were face to face, each numerous and enthusiastically represented ; but the interruptions were only such as the Bishop-President could pass off with the neat remark that "as they had behaved so well, he was sorry that they had not behaved a little better." Perhaps it was because we are all excited about the war just now, and human nature cannot be excited about more than one thing at a time. Or perhaps the excitement about the Kensit and Harcourt agitation, and even about the Incense decision, is now somewhat spent, and the Ritualists have begun to realize that what they have lost is small by the side of what they may hope to keep out of all they have recovered of Catholic doctrine and practice during the last half century.

Yet there were signs of the crisis about the Congress, and of the irreconcilable character of the forces contending within the Anglican communion ; and there was an all-important lesson impressively taught to those who had ears to hear it. It was the lesson of the need of unity, and of the hopelessness of seeking to attain it in the Anglican communion.

The Archbishop's pathetic sermon at St. Paul's was wholly occupied with this need of unity. We call it a pathetic sermon, for, simple as his words were, evidently his whole heart was in them, and they disclose to us the despondent feeling that has come over him on finding how the result of his Lambeth

Inquiry has been received. He had endeavoured by means of that Inquiry to arrive at an understanding whereby the two parties might continue on their respective lines of doctrine, as far as was consistent with membership of the same Church, and hoped that on this basis they might be encouraged to go on working together for the spiritual and moral good of their people. And he had been dexterous in so wording his judgment as to temper the sternness of its requirements to the consciences of those on whom it would press. Yet the outcome had only been to intensify the bitterness of the strife. It is out of the midst of the sadness thus caused that he exhorts the members of his communion in stirring words like these :

The unity that is asked of us—of whom is it asked? It is asked in the name of the Lord Jesus our Master, our Saviour. Those that believe in Him . . . are called so to live as to show to the whole world that the disciples of Christ are indeed and represent here on earth the unity of the Kingdom of Heaven. The Lord gave us many precepts. He gave us other commands than this, but this is the command which He prays His Father to maintain amongst us always. How is it then that, with this prayer recorded for our instruction, there is such division that it seems sometimes as if all the Christian faith were a matter of controversy? We seem sometimes as if we no longer believed that our Lord prayed as it is recorded that He prayed. It seems as if we had given up all idea of anything like real unity still binding us together in the name of our Lord. How is it? . . .

At such a time in the history of Christendom it is impossible for men not to look around to see how the divisions of Christendom damage the Christian cause, and how, in every separate branch of the Christian Church, divisions among themselves damage their efficiency for promoting union throughout all. It is impossible not to see that the union of every separate body is the first condition of its union with other religious bodies, that we must learn to tolerate one another and, at the same time, to act in accordance with the rule that the body to which we are assigned by the providence of God has laid down for our guidance. If there is one thing in these differences which we most desire, surely it is the restoration of that unity which held the Church together in the days of the Apostles. If there is one thing that it is impossible for Christians to put aside it is that we may be earnest in the longing for a restoration of Christian unity, and for such purpose we must be ready to give up much that we really desire, much that we believe to be of real value. . . . See the mischief of our divisions. See how they spoil so much of our service. See how in the desire to secure the acceptance of the particular doctrine that seems to us to express the truth more plainly than any other, we stand aside many and

many a time from true unity of action in the great work to which the Lord has called us; we to whom the Lord has certainly given a special duty, having certainly set before this English Church and nation a special opportunity of doing His will. That we should waste our strength upon disputes which are stirring up men's minds on all sides, . . . is it not the very saddest spectacle that can be put before the eyes of the angels who are watching all we do, the very saddest spectacle which meets the eyes of Him who died upon the cross not for such things as these, but that His Gospel might be made known to all mankind with the united force of the whole body of this Church in which we live?

My brethren, it is very difficult rightly to express the call that seems to me to be made upon us at this present moment, but I beg of you to lay to heart whether, among all the things that the Church can aim at, peace within herself is not the most necessary now?

Here we have the Archbishop speaking almost as a Catholic Bishop would speak. He notes that our Lord's command was no ordinary command given to man which He contemplated their not obeying. "Our Lord gave us," he says, "other commands than this, but this is the command which He prays His Father to maintain amongst us always;" so that it is a matter for real surprise that there is division among men claiming to be Christ's followers, and "such division that it seems sometimes as if all the Christian faith were a matter of controversy." He realizes acutely that this scandal is not confined to the mere spectacle of jarring opinions, but paralyzes the work of spreading the Gospel, the Gospel of Him who died that it "might be made known to all mankind with the united force of the whole body of this Church in which we live"—he might have added, "and of the whole Church throughout the world." And he draws the conclusion to which all this so clearly points, that "if there is one thing that it is impossible for Christians to put aside, it is that we may be earnest in longing for a restoration of Christian unity." Here then we may see how the crisis has told on one good man, and from his example gather how it must be telling on many others.

But what is the remedy which the Archbishop prescribes? In other words, what is the ideal of Church unity which he conceives our Lord to have intended when He enjoined it upon His followers, and prayed so earnestly that they might be led to observe it. If we take note of this ideal to which the Archbishop exhorts, and compare it with that of Lord Halifax's followers, we shall see how much sharper is the crisis than the

Archbishop realizes, and how hopeless on an Anglican basis is the prospect of any such unity as would satisfy our Lord's words, or even the Archbishop's aspirations.

The Archbishop's ideal is one of sinking differences. He recognizes that "there must be differences of opinion, and these differences deep and marked;" but he would wish his people not to emphasize them over much, to remember that "our Lord did not die on the Cross for such things as these," and that it is a scandal to waste strength on disputes over things so unessential. He would have them prepared to make sacrifices, "to give much that (they) really desire, much that (they) believe to be of real value" for the sake of a common and united action," in which they can be "pressing forward in the path marked out by the whole body." And he thinks that what interferes to prevent such a happy result is (1) want of "communion with God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ," a communion which when held "makes us feel that we are all really one and that it is our duty to Him that that unity shall so pervade our lives that the whole world outside shall still be able to recognize it;" (2) "want of the spirit of charity between man and man, . . . that recognition that in all our dealings with one another we are bound always to look upon all other men as truly and conscientiously endeavouring to do what they believe their Lord would have them do."

Such is the Archbishop's idea of what would heal the strife, but how inadequate for that purpose! will be the criticism of most of us. It is true that the two spirits mentioned, the spirit of communion with Christ and the spirit of charity in construing the intentions of others, are unifying forces as far as they go. But can it be said that they go anything like the whole way? Mr. Kensit, and those of whom he is the type, may be sadly deficient in regard to them. But may not the great mass of the High and Low Churchmen claim that they are very considerably animated by these two spirits, and that the conspicuous effect is to make them increasingly respect one another's good intentions, and on this basis co-operate largely with one another in many good works, distinctly spiritual works included? And yet their differences remain as cherished as ever, and because cherished, demanding to find outward expression.

Has not the Archbishop missed the point? Doubtless, as long as it is question only of doctrines and practices which

a man may like and may think valuable, but does not go so far as to regard as clearly and distinctly taught and enjoined by our Blessed Lord, it would be most reprehensible in him to press them to the extent of converting them into sources of division, and for the sake of them destroying the unity of action and communion which should be the mark of God's people. But is that the standpoint of the Ritualists in regard to the doctrines and practices which divide them so sharply from their opponents in the same communion? The Archbishop does not specify any particular doctrines and practices, and if it were only incense he had in view, he might be justified in assuming that no one regards it as an essential of Christian worship. But just on that account it is being so generally surrendered in deference to his wishes, and, if with so many murmurs and protests, only on the ground that the motive for requiring its abandonment is not so disconnected with vital principles. Probably, however, the Archbishop has before his mind a wider range of contested matters than the use of incense, or even than the class of usages which includes together with this, vestments, lights, processions, and such-like things. He must see that what underlie them are the Mass and the Real Presence, Confession and Priestly Absolution, and that if the former are held to so tenaciously and opposed so fiercely by the respective parties, it is because they are felt to involve the latter. And can the Archbishop really suppose that these latter are regarded by either one or other of the contending parties as mere matters of opinion which a man is free to surrender, and therefore bound to surrender, in the interests of united worship and action?

It is strange to us that it should be so, but clearly the Archbishop does suppose this, and in supposing it fails to understand the crisis through which his Church is passing. It is because he reads into the minds of others the ideas that are in his own, which are those of the Broad Church party. This party, though not altogether rejecting dogmatic formulæ, has always shown a tendency to limit the number which it will regard as essential. It is not of course a homogeneous party, and it has a left wing which would go almost as far as a writer in the *Spectator*,<sup>1</sup> who, commenting on the Church Congress, particularly on the Bishop of London's dream of the future of the Anglican Church, looks forward to the time when the one

<sup>1</sup> *Spectator*, Oct. 13th.

condition of membership on which it will insist, will be loyalty to the institution itself:

At present men think much of differences of dogma. We believe, however, that as time goes on these differences will wear a different aspect, and that what men who agree in essentials will care most about will be, not the formulæ, but the institution. It will be to the institution, to the great mill of God, that men will give their loyalty, their love, their self-sacrifice. But the institution which will succeed, which will be chosen for the work of guarding the spiritual interests of the race, will be the institution which will most easily draw men's hearts and brains into its service, which will be most capable of growth and expansion, which will be most actively alive. That institution should be the Church of England. The spirit of comprehension which she has preserved against so many assaults, gives her that life breath of freedom without which nothing can last long. It allows her full expansion and growth. At the same time her unbroken connection with the past gives her strength, stability, and the support of tradition. In a word, her history gives her the past, her wide and liberal spirit lets her command the future. She holds to the firm rock with one. The other gives her access to the free air. All, then, depends upon two things, each as important as the other. One is the preservation of the institution unimpaired as a great national and spiritual organization. The other is the retention of a comprehension so liberal and so wide that it denies inclusion in the Church to none who sincerely and religiously claim to be included,—a comprehension such as that to which Jeremy Taylor aspired when he recalled to men's minds the parable of Abraham and the Fireworshipper.

The section to which the Archbishop of Canterbury belongs would not of course go anything like as far as that. These would insist on belief in the Trinity, in Heaven and Hell, at least a mitigated Hell, in Jesus Christ, and His saving work in the hearts of men, though of this latter they are prone to conceive, somewhat unconsciously, as not greatly surpassing the natural order. And they would practically confine the work of preaching the Gospel to preaching God as the supreme object for man's love and loyalty, and Jesus Christ as the Saviour who set us an heroic example of holy living and dying by His own life and death, and whose forgiveness is assured to all who will ask it in the spirit of true repentance. As for all that lies beyond these simple truths and duties, they would treat it as belonging to the sphere of opinion. Not that they would wish to regard the religious opinions relating to these further questions as useless and unimportant. On the contrary, they consider it

right and necessary that the human mind should exercise itself in that field, and that the opinions formed should within limits—the limits determined by the necessity of joining in a common worship and action—be made regulative principles of the spiritual life. But they are persuaded that such religious opinions should be treated as opinions only, and hence as claiming no rights which a man is not prepared to allow equally to the flatly opposite opinions of others, and above all, as the Archbishop has concisely expressed it, they deprecate the notion of its being held by any one, that “Christ died on the Cross for such things as these.”

Taking this to be approximately the Archbishop's view, we can understand how he must regard the recent troubles. We know that till the agitation seemed to be provoking a crisis, he, in common with many other Bishops, smiled on the doings in the Ritualistic churches, and even originally took a mild part in them. It was because he regarded it all as belonging to the sphere of religious opinion upon which he did not wish to be hard, even if he thought it verging on the excessive, as long as he saw how intimately it was associated with a splendid zeal for the souls of men and the care of the poor. He would have been glad probably to let it all continue and develop in peace, even though it might not perhaps be altogether consistent with ecclesiastical law. But when the other side provoked the conflict, and pressed their case with the aid of Sir William Harcourt and others, till some action on the part of authority became indispensable for the preservation of the whole body, he naturally, with his own way of viewing things, found it hard to understand how the Ritualists could make so much difficulty in surrendering mere opinions for which Christ did not die, and could only account for their restiveness on the grounds above indicated in the extracts from his sermon.

It is because, as we have said, he fails entirely to understand the Ritualist position. For these by no means regard their special doctrines as mere matters of opinion, but rather as unquestionable truths of the Christian Revelation. And they would be quite prepared to maintain the opposite of what the Archbishop takes to be so self-evident, namely, that our Lord did die for truths and ordinances such as these, in the sense of having borne witness to them during His life, and bequeathed them as a heritage to after ages, that men might have faith in them, take them as the guide of spiritual life, and have recourse



to them as to the appointed fountains of grace and strength, of forgiveness and sanctification. It is as such they regard the Real Presence and the Sacrifice of the Mass, the priest's Absolution and the penitent's Confession. If the Archbishop would reflect on this he would perceive that the spirit of communion with Christ, and the spirit of charity towards fellow-men, the two spirits to the cultivation of which he looks for the removal of present divisions, can only tend under the conditions of his communion to intensify these divisions. For the more a man seeks fellowship with our Lord, and has charity for his neighbours, the more he must cling to the truths he believes our Lord to have taught, and labour for their recognition in the Church which he believes to be the true one.

The Archbishop might reply that at least the Anglican Church has its ecclesiastical authorities, and that the members might be expected to submit their individual opinions to the arbitrament of these, bearing in mind that only through submission to a living authority can unity of thought and action be maintained in a Church. Theoretically, no doubt, the members of a Church should follow the decisions of its prelates, but it is only necessary to turn to Mr. Athelstan Riley's speech at the Congress to see how little this can be expected of his ecclesiastical party, at least if any attempt is made to require obedience in regard to matters of deeper importance than incense and lights. One looks to a judge to apply the law, but what if there is a far-reaching dispute about the law itself which is to be applied? If the applicants or accused recognize one kind of law only, and the judge proceeds to apply another, he may have the power to compel external compliance with his decrees, but he cannot expect to have them accepted in the court of conscience. Yet there is all this difference of opinion about the law between the Archbishop and the Ritualists.

You and I, my friends, have been brought up to believe in the Catholic Church as a Divine society, established by our Lord to be the perpetual witness to the truth as it is in Him until He comes again—a Church with many branches in different lands, each with its own particular tradition and observances, it is true, but all subservient to the teaching and tradition of the whole. . . . Now, my friends, is this the position of our present Episcopate? Is there any disposition to appeal to the authority of the Catholic Church in settling the difficulties which confront us? When endowments are concerned the continuity of the Church is much insisted upon, but is there any appeal to the



tradition which came to this country with our holy faith? . . . The use of incense fades into insignificance before the doctrine of the Real Presence, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Ministry of Reconciliation. These matters are vital—vital to your souls and mine—vital to those of our children and those that come after us. The Catholic party will not only be pressed on the subject of ceremonial—it will be, nay, is at this moment being, pressed on the vital matter of faith. Can any of us read such Charges as those of the Bishop of Winchester without being seriously alarmed? Theology and practices are condemned, either explicitly or by implication, which are not only the theology and practices of the rest of Catholic Christendom, both East and West, at the present day, but can easily be shown to be those of the Church while yet undivided and in full possession of her power of speaking to us in no doubtful tones. It is assumed that the Church of England violently contradicted herself at the Reformation, that our appeal lies not to the ancient Fathers, but to the opinion of certain theologians who lived amidst the confusion and violence of the sixteenth century, by which, and not by Catholic usage, the Prayer Book is to be interpreted, that the Church of England is something isolated and “distinctive,” without relations with the other portions of the Body of Christ or duties to them, except that of loudly asserting her superiority as “the best, the purest, the most Scriptural Church in Christendom.” . . . My friends, we are perplexed and troubled at the utterances of our Bishops, we are anxious to obey them, but we are in perpetual dread that by obeying we may be compromising our dogmatic and ecclesiastical position; the Bishops, trying to do their duty, and with, as we know, a very real zeal for God, are perplexed and troubled at resistance from their spiritual children; the world outside regards the confusion within the Church half puzzled, half contemptuous. What is the cause? The cause is the perpetual attempt at compromise about the things of God which has so hampered the Church of England since the Reformation. To sum up the whole matter, the Bishops are trying to govern the adherents of one religion by an authority based upon the principles of another.

These are Mr. Athelstan Riley's words, and it is known that they represent the persistent views of his party. And they are views to which the Bishops themselves, Dr. Temple included, have lent some encouragement by the way in which, not discerning its theological bearings, they have coquetted with the theory of continuity. When, however, we compare them with the views of the Archbishop, not to speak of those of the Low Churchmen, do they not, by the radical opposition in which they stand to these latter, reveal to us the sharpness of the present crisis, and the utter hopelessness of the Archbishop's appeal for more unity within his communion, although

he was so right in his contention that unity was intended by our Lord to be a characteristic note of His Church?

What, then, is to be the outcome of it all? No one can exactly say, but in all probability, if we may judge of the future from the past, the *laissez faire* system, which of late years has proved so singularly successful in hiding the inconsistencies of the position, and securing a fairly tranquil *modus vivendi* between the different parties, will be allowed to resume its sway. The Kensit party is its only real adversary, and that is a party which can never continue its paroxysms of activity for long together, without effectually discrediting itself.

But whatever be the destined future of the Anglican body as a whole, must there not be some whom the present crisis is forcing to reconsider their position, and who cannot pursue such an argument on behalf of unity as the Archbishop's without feeling the necessity of pursuing it further? To such persons we would suggest two questions for consideration, as being those to which Mr. Athelstan's Riley's speech on the one hand, and the Archbishop's sermon on the other, clearly point. Mr. Riley, as we have seen, complains that the cause of all their difficulties is "the perpetual attempt at compromise about the things of God which has so hampered the Church of England since the Reformation," and is because "the Bishops are trying to govern the adherents of one religion by an authority based upon the principles of another." If for "since the Reformation" we may substitute "since the beginnings of the Tractarian movement"—for the present difficulties scarcely arose before then—it seems to us that Mr. Riley's words state only the truth. But which side is to blame? which side has been attempting to compromise? which side has set up the principles of a religion alien from those of the Anglican Church itself? Lord Halifax, in the passage with which he commenced his Presidential Address to the English Church Union, described the vision of what Catholic life should be as it presented itself to the founders of the Oxford Movement:

It is now more than sixty years ago since it pleased Almighty God to grant a great spiritual awakening to the Church of England. There were men in those days—need I mention their names?—Keble, Newman, Pusey, to whom the vision of the Catholic Church had appeared in all its beauty. They saw the Church as Her Divine Founder intended her to be—a city not of confusion, but at unity with itself, one in her faith and doctrine, one in the main outline of her

sacred rites. Morning by morning they saw the Lamb as It had been slain, offered at her Altars. They beheld her temples adorned with all that could add to the glory of the Sanctuary. They saw a clergy conscious of their spiritual claims, a people earnest in its devotion, ready for all good works. They beheld the Church once more the Church of the English people—stern and uncompromising with the great and mighty, gentle and forbearing with the poor and humble, careless as to temporal position and endowments, resolute and uncompromising in the assertion of her spiritual rights.

Beautiful words, and as true as beautiful! But whence did these founders of the Oxford Movement derive their inspiration? Not from any period of English life subsequent to the Reformation. They may have turned to the Caroline divines, in whom, till this century the high water mark of Anglican belief was reached, but it was not there that they found an adequate counterpart to their vision. Lord Halifax himself in his paper on Ritual, expressly told the Congress that the "quaint ritual of Andrewes and Laud" would not commend itself to his judgment, nor presumably would their doctrinal *modicum* content him either. Indeed, if they could find contentment thus, the solution of the present difficulties of his party would become easy enough, for the Archbishops would readily concede them all that Andrewes or Laud ever taught or practised. But, no. The inspiration, in the case of Keble, and Newman, and Pusey, and still more in the case of the modern party of which Lord Halifax and Mr. Riley are distinguished members, comes from the Catholic Church, as it may be seen on the Continent to this day, and as it was in England as well as elsewhere, in the glorious pre-Reformation times. In that Church the faith and worship of the vision was ever at home, ever welcomed and fostered by prelates as much as by priests and people, whereas it is the very complaint of Mr. Riley and Lord Halifax that their faith and worship have persistently been refused a welcome in their own Church, which persistently refuses to apply to them any other law save "the opinions of certain theologians who lived amidst the confusion and violence of the sixteenth century." Is not all this significant? Does it not show what Newman eventually came to see, that, if the Anglican Church refuses to bring forth and nourish a Catholic offspring, it is not that her breasts are dry and her womb miscarrying, but that it would be against nature for her to give birth or sustenance to offspring of a kind other than her own?

The other question we are venturing to put to earnest inquirers, that suggested by the Archbishop's sermon, may be put very briefly. The Archbishop insists on the necessity of unity. He acknowledges that the absence of it in any communion, is to be regarded as a flagrant scandal, being in direct conflict with "the command which (our Lord) prays His Father to maintain among (us) always." On the other hand, we have seen that the dissensions in the Anglican communion—as, let us add, in the nation generally—arise not from any indifference to our Lord's wishes and prayer, but rather from the very anxiety to adhere resolutely to all His teaching. What is to harmonize these two impulses, each so good, yet each seeming to oppose the other, the impulse to live in Christian unity, and the impulse to sacrifice all for truth. There is but one conceivable mode of harmonizing. It is, if an authority which is the appointed centre of unity, can offer to the mind a sure guarantee that the teaching round which it summons all to unite is the truth of God. Of two things, one: either our Lord has called us to a Church of which the ruling Authority is through the divine aid infallible in its teaching, or else, though He commanded us to live in unity, and "prayed to His Father to maintain this command amongst us," He omitted to make obedience to His command a possibility to our rational natures, and actually left us to be the victims of two conflicting impulses, each able to cite His sanction for its claim on our obedience.

S. F. S.

## *The Relation of Theology to Devotion.*

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THEOLOGY may be used in a wider or a more restricted sense. Here we employ the term to signify what is known as scholastic theology, that is, the essay to translate the teachings of Catholic revelation into the terms and forms of Aristotelian philosophy ; and thereby to give them a scientific unity.

Roughly speaking the difference between the philosophical and the vulgar way of conceiving and speaking about things, is that the former is abstract, orderly, and artificial ; the latter, concrete, disorderly, and natural. The exigencies of our feeble and limited memory make it necessary for us to classify our experiences into some sort of unity. A library is no use to us unless we can introduce some kind of system or order into its arrangement, and make an intelligible catalogue of its contents. We can consider the order of size, or of subject, or of authors and titles taken alphabetically, or of date of publication ; or taking any of these as the first class-note, we can employ the others for subdivision. We do not invent these orders, but we find them ; and so when we map out the world into categories, we do not invent but recognize one or other of these arrangements things admit of. We can, however, classify the books, not only in our mind or in a catalogue, but also in our library ; we can even classify nature in our museums ; but the world at large refuses to be harnessed to our categories, and goes its own rude unscientific way. Now "who rails at science?" who will deny that a natural-history museum does truly represent Nature? that under a certain aspect one who has studied Nature there, knows more about her than he who has lived all his life in the woods? But only under a certain aspect is this true. For such a presentation of Nature is abstract and negatively unreal. Beetles do not march the fields in such logically ordered phalanxes ; nor do they wear pins thrust through their middles ; nor are birds' eyes made of glass, or their viscera of sawdust, or their muscles

of wire. A visitor from some other creation who knew no more of our world than that, would think it a very simple affair ; very easy to remember and to retail. Still how little would he know of its reality compared with a denizen of the backwoods ! Yet if our backwoods-man could be educated scientifically in such a museum, he would receive almost a new power of vision, a power of observing and recognizing and remembering order where before he had only seen chaos. And in this lies the great advantage of abstract and scientific consideration ; of precisions that are unreal ; of suppositions that are impossible. Only by these devices can we digest our experience piecemeal, which else would remain in confused unsorted masses. But the more abstract, general, and simple our classification is, and the further removed it is from the infinite complexity of concrete reality, the more we need continually to remind ourselves that its truth is merely hypothetical, and holds only in the abstract. This is what the earlier political economists (for example) forgot, when they drew many conclusions that were perfectly irrefutable, on the purely abstract supposition that man's sole motive is the desire to make money ; but that were altogether false in the concrete real world where thousands of other motives complicate the problem.

It must further be noticed that on the whole the backwoods-man has an truer knowledge of Nature than a mere acquaintance with a science-manual could ever impart. Both kinds of knowledge are in their own way lamentably imperfect ; the one through indistinctness and confusion ; the other through unreality and poverty of content. Yet it is less misleading to take a confused, general view of an object, than to view one of its parts or elements violently divorced from the rest. The rudest clown knows better what man is, than would some being who should know nothing but the articulation of the human skeleton—true as this latter knowledge would be as far as it went.

It is clear then that, as far as the natural world is concerned, what is scientifically true in the abstract, may be practically false in the concrete. But when we are dealing with the spiritual and supernatural world, we are under a further disadvantage ; for we can think and speak of it only in analogous terms borrowed from this world of our sensuous experience, and with no more exactitude than when we would express music in terms of colour, or colour in terms of music. So far

as the most abstract and ultimate ideas of our philosophy prescind from all sensible determinations of being, and deal with the merest outline and empty framework of thought, they may have some literal value in the supersensible world. We can say: This, that, or the other follows necessarily from the principles of metaphysics, and is therefore as true as those principles are. But it is not the whole truth; and indeed the more abstract and general are the terms under which a thing is known, the less do we know about it. A comparatively concrete idea like Man or Politician gives us a mine of information about the subject of which it is predicated; whereas Being, Substance, Cause, give us the very minimum of information. Now the terms that are in any sense common to the world of our experience and to the world beyond it, are, from the nature of the case, the most barren and shadowy of all. If, *e.g.*, we look at Porphyry's tree where "substance" bifurcates into "material substance" and "spiritual substance," the former branch develops and subdivides down to the real and particular, but the later breaks off abruptly and leaves us in the dark as to all its concrete determinations. For all reason tells us, we know nothing of angels except what can be deduced *a priori* from the general idea of non-material substance. To our imagination they are utterly characterless and uninteresting beings; quite different from the Saints, of whom we can sometimes feel the individuality in spite of their biographers.

Granting then all that the most exacting metaphysician might claim, any non-analogous ideas we can form of the other world are necessarily of the thinnest and most un instructive description, and it is only by liberal recourse to analogy that we can put any flesh on their bare ribs. Whatever shred of truth they convey to us may, or rather must, like all half-evidence, get an entirely different complexion from the additional mass of truth that is hid from us. When, however, we begin to supplement by use of analogy, and (*e.g.*) to cover the bare notion of a First Cause by clothing it with all the excellences of creation, multiplied to infinity, purified of their limitations, and fused into one simple perfection, then we must frankly own that we are trying to comprehend the incomprehensible, to equal a sphere to a plane. In saying this, we do not deny for a moment, that the infinite can to some extent be expressed in terms of the finite; but are only insisting on the purely analogous character of such expression. Nor again are



we denying the utility, or even the necessity, of such an endeavour; for we should be forced equally to deny the use of all scientific, as opposed to vulgar, modes of conception; whereas these two modes check and supplement one another.

It is a received principle of scholasticism that the "con-natural" object of the human mind is this material world which is presented to our senses; and that we are forced to think of everything else, even of our own soul, in the terms of that world. Hence all our "explanations" of spiritual activity are, however disguisedly, mechanical at root; thought is a kind of photography or portraiture; free-will a sort of weighing process; the soul itself, so far as it is not described negatively, is described in terms of body. Having a direct intuitive knowledge of these spiritual operations we can be, and should be, conscious that our explanations of them are inadequate and analogous. Still more when we try to explain that world beyond experience, internal or external, ought we to be on our guard lest we forget the merely analogous character of our thought. The error called "anthropomorphism" does not lie so much in thinking and speaking of God humanwise—for that we are constrained to do by the structure of our minds—as in forgetting that such a mode of conception is analogous. The chief use of metaphysic or natural theology lies in the fact—not that it gives us any more comprehensible idea of God—but that it impresses upon us the necessary inadequacy of our human way of regarding Him. Neither the metaphysical nor the vulgar idea is adequate, though taken together they correct one another; but taken apart, it may be said that the vulgar is the less unreal of the two. To illustrate this from nearer and simpler cases: The peasant thinks of his soul as a filmy replica of self interfused with his body; as co-extended with it, part answering to part; but the philosopher will tell him that the soul is present "wholly to the whole body, and wholly to each several part." But this latter statement has no real value, save so far as it insists that the peasant's view is only equivalent and not literal truth—that is, so far as it is a repudiation of anthropomorphism. What does it tell us as to the real mode of presence? That the truth lies unassignably between two erroneous extremes; first, that the soul is, as the peasant conceives it, interfused co-extensively with the body; secondly, that it is concentrated in every point of the body. There are certain advantages attached to either mode of presence; but these two modes, though incompatible for



extended substances, are in some way combined in a spiritual substance, not literally, but as far as the practical advantage of them is concerned. The vulgar notion would deprive the spirit of some of its excellence, and would create many difficulties if not recognized as inadequate and anthropomorphic. Similarly, if the philosopher forgets that he has only determined the *locus* of truth, the extremes between which it lies inaccessibly; if he thinks that he has got to more than its practical equivalent, or has got any proper non-analogous notion of spiritual substance and presence, he may wake to find that in combining two incompatible ideas, he has got zero for his result.

The same is to be said of our conception of the Divine omnipresence :

Out beyond the shining of the furthest star  
Thou Thyself art stretching infinitely far,  
Nature cannot hold Thee, earth is all too strait  
For Thy endless glory and Thy royal state.

This is the common, human way of viewing the matter; but the philosopher sees at once that it negates a certain perfection or advantage to be found in concentrated, "punctual" presence; and that all such advantages, however incompatible with any mode of being familiar to us, must be realized in God. Hence he insists on this latter as well; saying, at the same time, that God is not referable to space as an extension or a point might be, but in some way quite inconceivable in itself, though conceivable as to its advantages. The effect of such an explanation on the common mind will often be that God is not everywhere, as hitherto supposed, but nowhere; not far, indeed, yet not near; not distant, yet not present. Again, eternity, to the peasant, means time without end, century upon century, *per omnia sæcula sæculorum*: the divine life, like our own, drags on, part after part, experience upon experience. God is the "Ancient of Days," lined and wrinkled with æonian cares. But to remove the limitations involved in such a conception, the philosopher tells us that God's life is *tota simul*, all gathered up into an indivisible *now*, into the imaginary crack that divides one second of time from another. As before, he tells us to take these two extreme errors together; and without attempting to fuse them, to hold them side by side in the mind, confident that the truth lies indefinitely between them. And so far he does well. But if he thinks that these two assertions can be com-

bined into a direct expression of the truth, he will come to the conclusion that God is in no way referable to time; and so miss that half-truth which the peasant apprehends.

Thus the use of philosophy lies in its insisting on the inadequacy of the vulgar statement; its abuse, in forgetting the inadequacy of its own, and thereby falling into a far more grievous error than that which it would correct.<sup>1</sup>

It is a fact that the Judæo-Christian revelation has been communicated in vulgar and not in philosophical terms and modes of thought. The Old Testament seems frankly anthropomorphic from the first; God lives, thinks, feels, acts under limitations, differing only in degree from our own; and it would almost seem as if the Incarnation were timed to counteract the weakening of religion, incident to the more abstract and philosophic theology of later ages. Men are influenced through their imagination and their emotions; and in nowise through their abstract ideas. In the measure that God is dehumanized by philosophy, He becomes unreal and ineffectual in regard to our life and conduct. God has revealed Himself, not to the wise and prudent, not to the theologian or the philosopher, but to babes, to fishermen, to peasants, to the *profanum vulgus*, and

<sup>1</sup> It is curious to find the same lesson inculcated in a very different school, but in a parallel connection. Speaking of the attempts of metaphysics to describe the Absolute in negations, Professor Andrew Seth (*Man's Place in the Cosmos*, p. 218) asks: "What is the inevitable effect upon the mind of this cluster of negations? Surely it will be this: Either the Absolute will be regarded as a mere unknowable with which we have no concern; or the denial of will, intellect, morality, personality, beauty, and truth" [*i.e.*, the denial of these attributes in their experienced forms and with their finite limitations and distinctness] "will be taken to mean that the Absolute is an unity indifferent to these higher aspects of experience. It will be regarded as non-personal and impersonal in the sense of being below these distinctions; and our Absolute will then remarkably resemble the soulless substance of the materialist. Nothing is more certain than that extremes meet in this fashion; and that the attempt to reach the superhuman falls back into the infra-human. Now Mr. Bradley, of course, intends his unity to be a higher, not a lower unity. 'The Absolute is not personal, because it is personal and more. It is, in a word, super-personal.' But he is not blind to the dangers that lurk in his denials. 'It is better,' he even warns us, if there is risk of falling back upon the lower unity, 'to affirm personality than to call the Absolute impersonal.' But there is more than a risk, I maintain; there is a certainty that this will be the result. . . . Our statements about the Absolute . . . are actually nearer the truth when they give up the pretence of literal exactitude, and speak in terms (say) of morality and religion, applying to it the characteristics of our own highest experience. Such language recognizes itself in general (or at least, it certainly should recognize itself) as possessing only symbolical truth—as being, in fact, 'thrown out,' as Matthew Arnold used to say, at a vast reality. But both religion and the higher poetry—just because they give up the pretence of an impossible exactitude—carry us, I cannot doubt, nearer to the meaning of the world, than the formulæ of an abstract metaphysics."

therefore He has spoken their language, leaving it to the others to translate it (at their own risk) into forms more acceptable to their taste. The Church's guardianship in the matter is to preserve the exact ideas which that simple language conveyed to its first hearers, knowing well that those human ideas and thought-forms are indefinitely inadequate to the eternal realities which they shadow forth. "This is My Body"—what did these words mean for Peter and Andrew and the rest; that is all she enquires about. What does she care about the metaphysics of transubstantiation, except so far as metaphysicians have to be answered in their own language, and on their own assumptions? If she says the soul is the "form" of the body, it is not that she has a revelation of philosophy to communicate, but because the question is asked by a hylomorphist; and it is the nearest way the truth can be put to him.

This "deposit" of faith, this concrete, coloured, imaginative expression of Divine mysteries, as it lay in the mind of the first recipients, is both the *lex orandi* and the *lex credendi*; it is the rule and corrective, both of popular devotion and of rational theology. Devotion tends to become more and more anthropomorphic and forgetful of the inadequacy of revelation, and thus to run into puerilities and superstitions. Philosophical theology tends to the other extreme of excessive abstraction and vague unreality. The Church, by ever recalling them to the original rule of tradition, preserves the balance between them and makes them help one another. Just as experience is the test and check of those scientific hypotheses, by which we try to classify, unite, and explain experience; so revelation is the test and check of all philosophical attempts to unify and elucidate its contents. We do not, of course, mean that popular devotions are to dictate to theology, but that theology together with them, must be brought to the test of primitive revelation as interpreted by the Church. Any rationalist explanation that would make prayer nonsensical, or would encourage laxity, or would make havoc of the ordinary sane and sensible religious notions of the faithful, is *eo ipso* condemned as not squaring with facts. So far, for example, as the philosophical conception of God's independence tends to create an impression that He is not pleased with our love, or grieved by our sin, it is opposed to revelation, which says: "Grieve not the Holy Spirit;" or "My Spirit will not always strive with man;" and which everywhere speaks of God, and therefore

wants us to think of God, as subject to passions like our own. And in so thinking of God, we think inadequately no doubt, but we are far less inadequate, than were we to think of Him as passionless and indifferent. The one conception paralyzes as the other stimulates devotion. Again, if the philosophical explanation of God's working in our will creates an impression fatal to the sense of liberty and responsibility, it is so far counter to revelation; and no less so is any explanation of our liberty which would take the reins out of God's hands, or make Divine foreknowledge impossible. Here obviously is a case where philosophy shoots aslant the truth, first on one side and then on the other; and can never strike it fair, but commends to us the paradox: "Watch, as though all depended on watching; and pray, as though all depended on praying." Again, predestination and foreknowledge are doctrines destructive of religious energy, as soon as we forget their abstract and merely scientific character; but revelation plainly intends us to go on as though God knew as little of the future as we do, and were waiting for events to develop, before fixing our doom. "Oh, did I but know that I should persevere," cried à Kempis, puzzled with the theology of predestination and trying to look at things as God sees them. "Do now, what thou wouldst do if thou didst know, and thou shalt be very safe," was the answer. Rational theology is in some sense an attempt to look at things back-before, in a non-human, non-natural way; and it is justified in this endeavour only so far as it tends to cure us of our terrestrial "provincialism;" but it is not wonderful that to us things so viewed should seem distorted and un<sup>r</sup>éal, the moment we forget that its use is mainly corrective—that it is medicine and not food.

To come to more distinctively Christian beliefs, we have examples in the Trinity and Incarnation, of the inability of the human mind to strike a truth fair in the centre, and of its need of seemingly contrary and complementary expressions of inaccessible ideas. The simple believer can successively affirm that in God there are three Persons, and that in God there is one Nature. He can even know that what is not simultaneously verifiable of creatures, may be verifiable of the Creator in some higher sense as yet unsuspected; that the truth lies midway between what he means by one person and what he means by three persons. But let the theologian begin to explain "nature," and "person," and to insist on his mentally putting together in

one whole, assertions hitherto held as true but irreconcilable parts; and the chances are that one or other of these parts will be sacrificed in the vain effort to secure a forced harmony.

But more particularly it is in relation to the Incarnation and its attendant mysteries, that it is important to remember the abstract character of certain theological conclusions, and the superiority of the concrete language of revelation as a guide to truth. The whole doctrine of Christ's *κένωσις* or self-emptying, can be explained in a minimising way almost fatal to devotion, and calculated to rob the Incarnation of all its helpfulness by leaving the ordinary mind with something perilously near the phantasmal Christ of the Docetans. Christ we are truly taught to believe, laid aside by a free act, all those prerogatives which were His birthright as the God-Man, that He might not be better off than we who have to win our share in that glory through humiliation and suffering; that He might be a High Priest touched with a feeling for our infirmities, tempted as we in all points, sin only excepted. Yet when the theologian has finished his treatise: *De Scientia Christi*; when he has impressed upon us that Christ was exempt from the two internal sources of all our temptations, *sc.*, the darkness of our mind and the rebellion of our body; that in His case, temptations from without met with no more response from within, than when we offer food to a corpse; we cannot help feeling that under whatever abstraction this may be true, yet it cannot be the whole truth, unless all who have turned to Christ in their temptations and sorrows have been woefully deluded—unless the *lex orandi* and the *lex credendi* are strangely at strife. Also when we are told that Christ's Sacramental Body is not referred to space *ratione sui*, but only *ratione accidentis*; that it is not moved when the species are carried in procession; that we are not nearer to it at the altar than at the North Pole; we can only say that this "*ratione sui* consideration" does not concern us, nor is it any part of God's revelation. It does well to remind us that our Lord's Body is not to be thought of carnally and grossly; that our natural imagination of this mystery is necessarily childish and inadequate. But it does not give us a more, but if anything, a less adequate conception of it. "This is My Body" is nearer the mark than metaphysics can ever hope to come; and of the two superstitions, that of the peasant who is too literally anthropomorphic, is less than of the philosopher who should imagine his part of the truth to be the whole.

Again, what is called the Hidden Life of our Lord in the Sacrament, is a thought upon which the faith and devotion of many saints and holy persons has fed itself for centuries ; yet it is one with which a narrow metaphysics plays havoc very disastrously. The notion of the loneliness, the sorrows, and disappointments of the neglected Prisoner of Love in the tabernacle may be crude and simple ; but it is assuredly nearer the truth than the notion of a now passionless and apathetic Christ, who suffered these things by foresight two thousand years ago, and whose irrevocable pains cannot possibly be increased or lessened by any conduct of ours. I have more than once known all the joy and reality taken out of a life that fed on devotion to the Sacramental Presence, by such a flash of theological illumination ; and have seen Magdalens left weeping at empty tombs and crying : "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

There is perhaps a tendency in our miserable nature, to delight in disconcerting the minds of others by a display of rare and esoteric knowledge, especially of such knowledge as owes its rarity to its abstraction and its remoteness from the wholesome concrete reality of things, and which offers to minds more acute than deep, a quicker road to distinction than the laborious and humbling path of general education. But after all, destructive work does not demand much genius, nor does it need more than the merest smattering of bad logic and worse metaphysics, to be able to represent the beliefs of simple devotion in a ridiculous light, and to pull down in a moment what the labour of years cannot build up again. Even if vanity be not the motive, yet a well-meant but ill-judged desire to pluck up tares whose root-fibres are tangled with those of the wheat, will often issue in the same disaster.

This, of course, is not the use, but the abuse of theology ; it is the result of a "little knowledge," which in unskilful hands, is the most dangerous of all weapons.

The first effect produced upon the believing mind by departing from the childlike concrete presentment of Divine truth as put before us in revelation, is undoubtedly disconcerting and uncomfortable, like every other process of transition from one resting-place to another ; and those who have not strength to carry the process through, are often injured spiritually by their inability either to go back to the older forms, or to go forward far enough to find anything as satisfying ; and these are just the

people who, in the spirit of the tailless fox, delight in communicating their unrest to others.

But a deeper and more comprehensive theology seems in most cases to bring us back to our original point of departure, albeit on a higher plane; to restore to us the stimulus of our childlike conceptions, not only fully, but superabundantly; and to convince us almost experimentally, that God's way of putting the truth was, after all, the better and the wiser.

What, for example, is the purport of the Incarnation, but to reveal to us the Father, so far as the Divine goodness can be expressed in the terms of a human life? to bring home to our imagination and emotion those truths about God's fatherhood and love, which are so unreal to us in their philosophic or theological garb? To say that love and sorrow, joy and anger, exist in God *eminenter*, purified from their imperfections, identified with one another, is for us, and as far as any effectual idea is concerned, the same as telling us that they do not really exist in God at all. There is in Him, we are told, something that equals their perfection; but then, what that something is we do not and cannot know. But the Incarnation assures us that whatever consoles and helps us in our simpler anthropomorphic conception of God, is not more, but far less than the truth. As soon as the Divine love becomes capable of a human exhibition, as soon as it translates itself into mortal language, it is seen to be, *at least*, a suffering, grieving, passionate, pitiful love; we are shown that to practically deny these characteristics to the Eternal is a far greater error than to practically attribute them.

Even if, in some non-natural metaphysical sense, the Sacred Humanity suffers nothing in the sacramental state, yet what would such suffering avail except to reveal to us the transcendental suffering of the Divinity, and its yearning for men's souls? If the thirst of Calvary is over and gone, was not its chief end to assure us of the reality of the eternal thirst and passion of God which there found but a finite and halting utterance? "For the same thirst," says Mother Julian<sup>1</sup> of

<sup>1</sup> Elsewhere, explaining that all contrition and holy sorrow in our soul is *from* God, and therefore must be more excellently *in* God, whose Spirit it is in us which *postulat pro nobis gemitibus inenarrabilibus* (Romans viii. 26), she writes: "He abideth us moaning and mourning. Which meaneth, that all the true feeling that we have in ourself in contrition and in compassion; and all moaning and mourning for that we are not united with our Lord, and such as is profitable—it is Christ, in us. And though some of us feel it seldom, it passeth never from Christ till what time He have brought us out of all our woe. For Love suffereth Him never to be without



Norwich, "that He had upon the rood-tree (which desire and longing and thirst, as to my sight, was in Him from without beginning), the same hath He yet, and shall have unto the time that the last soul that shall be saved is come up to His bliss. For as truly as there is a property in God of ruth and pity; as verily there is in God a property of thirst and longing." What does the revelation of Christ's human heart import except so far as it brings home, as it were, to our very senses, the truth that, Love is the core, the very central attribute of the Divinity round which all the other attributes cluster, from which they spring, on which they depend; that blood and water, guilt and remission, death and life, evil and good, darkness and light, both, stream from and return to the same fountain; both manifest one and the same goodness, and owe their seeming difference and colouring to the narrowness and imperfection of our weak faithless vision? And even if the Eucharist were no more than the bare remembrance of Calvary, it should speak to us principally not of that past human passion, but of the present Divine passion whereof Calvary was but the symbol. But in truth, a better conception of the unreality of time before the Divine mind, will convince us that the simple devotion which regards Christ's passion as continually present, as augmented by our sins, as alleviated by our love, is less inadequate and more philosophically true than the shallowly rationalistic view. For it is only the merciful fading of our memory that prevents our whole past being co-present to us. To Christ it is (and was from eternity) as though the nails were at this moment being driven through His hands.

Similarly with regard to all other pseudo-philosophic difficulties we have alluded to, we may say: *Lex orandi est lex credendi*. The saints have always prayed to a God, conceived human-wise, albeit with the consciousness of the imperfection of even God's own self-chosen mode of revelation, and it is this consciousness that has saved them from superstition and anthropomorphism. We say "the saints," because purity of heart is the safeguard against superstition. It is the desire to "exploit" religion, to bribe the Almighty, to climb up by some

pity. And what time we fall into sin and leave the mind of Him and the keeping of our own soul, then beareth Christ alone all the charge of us. And thus standeth He moaning and mourning. . . . And that time I be strange to Him by sin, despair, or sloth, then I let my Lord stand alone, inasmuch as He is in me." (*Rev.* xvi.) All this is no mere concession to devout fancy, but a far nearer, though still defective, approach to the truth than the metaphysics of theology can pretend to arrive at.



other way, rather than go through the one door of self-denial, that is the source of all corruption.

The "deposit" of faith is not merely a symbol or creed, but it is a concrete religion left by Christ to His Church; it is perhaps in some sense more directly a *lex orandi* than a *lex credendi*; the creed is involved in the prayer, and has to be disentangled from it; and formularies are ever to be tested and explained by the concrete religion which they formulate. Not every devotion of Catholics is a Catholic devotion, and the Church needs to exercise her authority continually in checking the tendency to extragate, and in applying and enforcing the original *lex orandi*. In this work she is helped by a wise and temperate theology. But theology is not always wise and temperate; and has itself often to be brought to the *lex orandi* test. It has to be reminded that, like science, its hypotheses, theories, and explanations, must square with facts—the facts here being the Christian religion as lived by its consistent professors. If certain forms of prayer and devotion are undoubtedly Catholic, no theology that proves them unreal or ridiculous can be sound. If any analysis of the act of faith or of charity or of contrition, would make such acts seem exceedingly difficult to realize, we know at once the analysis must be faulty, since the simplest and most ignorant Catholics make such acts easily and abundantly. If any theology of grace or predestination or of the sacraments would make men pray less, or watch less, or struggle less; then we may be perfectly sure that such theology is wrong. Devotion and religion existed before theology, in the way that art existed before art-criticism; reasoning, before logic; speech, before grammar. Art-criticism, as far as it formulates and justifies the best work of the best artists, may dictate to and correct inferior workmen; and theology as far as it formulates and justifies the devotion of the best Catholics, and as far as it is true to the life of faith and charity as actually lived, so far is it a law and corrective for all. But where it begins to contradict the facts of that spiritual life, it loses its reality and its authority; and needs itself to be corrected by the *lex orandi*.

G. TYRRELL.

*Dante's Correspondence with Guido and  
Messer Cino.*

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"THINKING on that which had appeared to me," wrote Dante in the *Vita Nuova*, "I proposed to make it known to many who were famous poets in that time; and, inasmuch as I had already seen for myself the art of saying words in rhyme, I proposed to make a sonnet, in which I should salute all the faithful of Love, and, praying them to judge my vision, should write unto them of that which I had seen in my dream." And again, many years later, in the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, "Although almost all the Tuscans are obtuse in their ugly speech, we have observed that some have recognised the excellence of the vulgar tongue, to wit, Guido, Lapo, and another, Florentines, and Cino da Pistoia."

One of the most charming chapters of Italian poetry is written in the lyrics interchanged by the Tuscan poets of the *dolce stil novo*, that "sweet new style" of those who in the footsteps of that noble master of amorous song, Guido Guinicelli, "ever used sweet and gracious rhymes of love." Sometimes dealing with cases of erotic casuistry in that curious mediæval fashion; at others touching upon current politics, now dropping into acrimonious and satirical personal recrimination (as, notably, in the famous six sonnets in which Dante and Forese Donati snarled and jeered at each other), now rising in the noblest flights of spiritual companionship and sympathy, they give a most vivid picture of the literary life of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Not that this genial form of poetic craftsmanship was peculiar to the Tuscan lyrists of this golden epoch. The custom probably originated with the troubadours of Provence, whose *Tenzoni*—as these poetical contests were called—usually consisted of canzoni or odes, in which the stanzas were composed alternately by the two poets who sustained the disputation, or of isolated stanzas sent from one to another and always answered upon the same rhymes. It does, however,

seem peculiar to the poets of central Italy to have thus adapted the sonnet to this purpose. With them the typical case was perhaps that of one poet sending round a sonnet to his contemporaries, describing some amorous vision, which all the others were expected to answer and expound in sonnets based upon the same rhymes as the original; or for one friend to send a sonnet to another, questioning him upon some point in love or in philosophy, or rebuking him for his line of conduct; to which the answer was usually in the same measure and with a similar arrangement of rhymes. But many *tenzoni* do not fall under these formulæ, and are sometimes real letters, of genuine biographical interest and importance, written in the sonnet form. Nor was the repetition of the same rhymes always observed. One of the few examples of a *tenzone* composed of two canzoni or odes is afforded by the first canzone of the *Vita Nuova*, *Donne ch'avete intelletto d'Amore* ("Ladies that have understanding of Love"), and the curious canzone, *Benaggia l'amoroso et dolce core* ("Truly he hath a loving and sweet heart"), written in the name of the ladies whom Dante had addressed, and answering him line for line.<sup>1</sup> This latter poem is certainly by one of Dante's friends and contemporaries; it has even been suggested that it might possibly be by Cavalcanti himself.

Dante's poetical correspondence, as also his friendship with Guido Cavalcanti, and possibly with Cino, opens with the first sonnet of the *Vita Nuova*, which is probably the earliest of his extant poems—

A ciascun' alma presa e gentil core,

"To each enamoured soul and gentle heart," in which in his eighteenth year he sets forth the mystical dream which signifies the course of his love for the "glorious lady of his mind," Beatrice, and demands an explanation thereof from all the faithful lieges of love. "To this sonnet," Dante tells us, "answer was made by many, giving diverse opinions; and amongst them answered he whom I call the first of my friends; and he replied with a sonnet which commences, *Vedesti al mio parere ogni valore*. And this was, as it were, the beginning of the friendship between him and me, when he knew that I was he that had sent that to him."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Ercole's *Guido Cavalcanti e le sue Rime*; D'Ancona and Comparetti's reprint of the *Codice Vaticano* 3793; Casini's edition of the *Vita Nuova*.

<sup>2</sup> *Vita Nuova*, 3.

Thus commenced one of the most famous of friendships.  
This sonnet of Guido Cavalcanti's—

Vedesti al mio parere ogni valore,

"Thou didst see, to my thinking, all worth," if somewhat obscure and mysterious in its signification, was at least an eloquent testimony to the kindly nature of the famous poet who so courteously answered the then comparatively unknown youth who addressed him. Of the many answers of which Dante speaks, only two others have been preserved. One by Dante da Maiano (whose very existence has been disputed by Adolfo Borgognoni, but now seems fairly well established) is little more than a vulgar and trivial insult. The other commences :

Naturalmente chere ogn' amadore,

"Naturally every lover seeketh to make his lady know his heart," and is almost invariably ascribed to Cino da Pistoia, who was then a mere boy. It is not a poem of any merit, and interprets Dante's vision in the happiest sense for the lover. In a Magliabecchian manuscript of the fourteenth century it is, however, ascribed to Terrino da Castelfiorentino, a very unimportant rhymers of the period. There is hardly adequate reason for abandoning the traditional attribution to Cino, who may, for the rest, have been born a few years earlier than 1270, the date usually given for his birth.

But there was yet another poet of the school, coupled by Dante in later years with Guido, Cino, and himself in the passage quoted above from the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*,<sup>1</sup> and whose name was afterwards to be linked with Dante's in more stormy times. Did Lapo Gianni answer the sonnet? If so, his reply has not been discovered. Dante, however, joins him with Guido and himself in his next epistolary sonnet, a lovely and famous lyric to which considerable attention has been given of late by Italian scholars :

Guido, i vorrei che tu e Lapo et io,

"Guido, I would that thou and Lapo and I," in which the poet, addressing Guido Cavalcanti, imagines for themselves and Lapo a voyage in a magic boat over enchanted seas, with their three ladies in their company to ever discourse upon love: Monna Vanna, Monna Lagia, and the lady whose name fell upon the thirtieth place in the lost *serventese*, in which Dante wrote the

<sup>1</sup> i. 13.

names of the sixty most beautiful women in Florence, and in which the name of Beatrice stood ninth.<sup>1</sup> This sonnet undoubtedly belongs to the time described in the *Vita Nuova*, when Dante used this "gentil donna" as the screen of his love for Beatrice, and wrote certain *cosette per rima* for her, certain "little things in rhyme" in her honour. Vanna or Giovanna is, of course, the beloved of Guido Cavalcanti, who was called Primavera or "Spring" by reason of her loveliness, as Dante himself tells us. Lagia, who passes like a shadow through the lyrics of Dante and his friends, is a more mysterious personage; she appears from this sonnet to have been, temporarily at least, the lady of Lapo Gianni's homage. In all the printed editions of Dante's lyrics, from the Florentine edition of 1527 down to Dr. Moore's Oxford Dante, the name of Bice has been substituted for Lagia in this sonnet—which has accordingly been cited, even by Dr. Moore in the second series of his *Studies in Dante*, as a further proof of the objective reality of Beatrice. We owe it mainly to the researches of Professor Michele Barbi that the text has been restored to what appears to be the reading of almost all, if not all, the manuscripts.<sup>2</sup> Thus restored it falls now into its place as the opening poem of a very curious sonnet-sequence in which Lagia, whoever she may have been, plays a large part.

In the first of four sonnets Guido Cavalcanti, with that peculiar mingling of geniality and melancholy which is his characteristic, directly answers Dante's invitation :

S' io fosse quelli che d'amor fu degno,

"If I were still that man who was worthy of love," and if his devotion were more happily requited, he would accept. And, in his next sonnet, he is even more sceptical of Lapo Gianni's worthiness to have a part in this amorous voyage :

Se vedi Amore, assai ti priego, Dante,

"If thou seest Love in any place where Lapo may be present, prithee, Dante, observe and tell me if Love recognises him as a lover, and if the lady is gracious to him;" for Lapo's love is probably only feigned. "No man that is vile can serve a lady

<sup>1</sup> *Vita Nuova*, 6.

<sup>2</sup> I have not been able to meet with a copy of Prof. Barbi's pamphlet, but *Lagia* is undoubtedly the reading of the manuscripts, as far as I am acquainted with them. *E monna Vanna e monna Lagia foi*. See also M. Pelaez, *Rime Antiche Italiane* (Bologna, 1895).

who is consecrated in the courts where Love dwells." And in a third sonnet, addressed by Guido to Dante :

Dante, un sospiro messaggier del core,

"Dante, a sigh, heart's messenger," Love is sharpening his darts, and Monna Lagia's lover may take heart ; but it is, I fear, not poor Lapo, but some other more fortunate *servidore* upon whom Lagia is about to smile. For in a fourth sonnet, not indeed directly addressed to Dante, but evidently belonging to this same series, Lapo is in such disgrace with all his friends, the poets and their ladies alike, that Cavalcanti will not even name him—

Amore et monna Lagia e Guido ed io,

"Love and Lady Lagia and Guido and I can thank *un ser costui*"—which might be rendered "a certain fellow," and is evidently Ser Lapo Gianni—for having delivered them from a mysterious lady, whose departure is a cause of devout thankfulness to both the Guidos and Monna Lagia. The second Guido is apparently Guido Orlandi, who would seem to be the new servant of Lady Lagia—in which case Lagia may also be the heroine of a fine sonnet of Orlandi's, in which this usually quarrelsome poet for once expresses himself in terms worthy of a Galahad or a Perceval.<sup>1</sup>

Be this as it may, there is no evidence that Lapo Gianni—who never names Lagia or any other lady in his lyrics—either answered Dante's invitation on his own account, or distressed himself at Guido Cavalcanti's solicitude for his moral welfare. A charming double sonnet of his may not indeed have been addressed to either Dante or Guido, but it certainly shows that he was supremely well satisfied with himself :

Love, I demand to have my lady in fee.

Fine balm let Arno be ;

The walls of Florence all of silver rear'd,  
And crystal pavements in the public way.

With castles make me fear'd,

Till every Latin soul have owned my sway.<sup>2</sup>

We know from the *Vita Nuova*<sup>3</sup> that the whole of this first book of Dante's was dedicated to Guido Cavalcanti, *questo mio*

<sup>1</sup> The sonnet, *A suon di trombe anzi che di corno*.

<sup>2</sup> Rossetti's translation of the opening lines of the double sonnet, *Amor, eo chero mea donna in domino*.

<sup>3</sup> 30.

*primo amico a cui io ciò scrivo*; but there is another sonnet, afterwards inserted in it, which originally was sent as a poetic missive. On a certain day, Giovanna or Primavera, the "gentle lady who was of famous beauty, and of whom this my first friend was formerly much enamoured,"<sup>1</sup> appeared to Dante as the forerunner of Beatrice, even as spring comes first in the year and St. John went before the Lord to prepare His way; and Dante found matter in the episode for a sonnet, commencing—

Io mi senti' svegliar dentro lo core,

"I felt a spirit of love awaken within my heart," in which he united the names of these two ladies, and sent it to Guido, "believing that his heart still gazed upon the beauty of this gentle Primavera."

Now in at least two manuscripts, one in the National Library at Florence (the same Magliabecchian manuscript which ascribes Cino's first sonnet to Terrino da Castelfiorentino) and the other in the Ambrosian Library (the famous manuscript from which Witte drew so many apocryphal Dantesque sonnets), this sonnet is ascribed not to Dante but to Guido, and in some unaccountable way the name of Lagia is substituted for that of Vanna. None of the explanations offered of this new appearance of Lagia upon the fields of the *Vita Nuova* seem quite plausible. It is, however, quite a common thing for sonnets sent from one poet to another to be ascribed by the compilers of manuscripts, not to their real author, but to the person to whom they were originally sent or addressed.

Although *ballate* do not appear to have been the ordinary vehicle for poetical correspondence, there is one exquisite ballata of Guido Cavalcanti's which undoubtedly belongs to this period of the *Vita Nuova*, when Dante's love was at its height of youthful exaltation, and Guido's heart was not yet turned away from the loveliness of her who was called by the name of the Spring. The great Chigian manuscript—the most authoritative source for the text of the lyrics of Dante and Guido—tells us that this ballata, *Fresca rosa novella*, was sent from Guido to Dante.<sup>2</sup> This probably explains the very curious circumstance

<sup>1</sup> *Vita Nuova*, 24.

<sup>2</sup> The *Canzoniere Chigiano*, edited by Monaci and Molteni in the *Propugnatore*, x.—xii. The same manuscript is the basis of Professor T. Casini's edition of the *Vita Nuova*.



that the three other manuscripts in which it occurs all ascribe it to Dante, and one of these was almost certainly written before the end of the thirteenth century, while Dante was still in Florence; an erroneous attribution which has lasted down to the present day, and has found its way into the Oxford Dante. *Fresca rosa novella, piacente Primavera!* The ballata, one of the most musical of early Italian lyrics, is certainly Cavalcanti's, and gives the fullest expression to that exquisitely poetical fancy of his in which his lady and the spring are made one, and all nature is sounding her praises. There is a ballata of Dante's own, *Per una ghirlandetta*, so unlike his usual style that I should imagine it to be written in answer to Guido's spring-tide ballata. It occurs in the same Chigian codex. It is one of those weirdly beautiful May-day fancies, possible only in a Tuscan May, and only to a young Florentine poet in that unique dawn of a new world of art and beauty—the closing years of the thirteenth century.

But, all too soon, that golden haze through which Dante first beheld Florence and the world, while he saw many things by his intellect, as it were in a dream,<sup>1</sup> was passing away. Guido's remaining sonnet to Dante strikes a very different note:

I' vegno il giorno a te infinite volte,

a note of grave rebuke and affectionate remonstrance. "I come to thee infinite times the day, and find thee thinking too vilely: then do I grieve for thy noble mind and thy many virtues which are taken from thee." It is only in spirit that he will thus visit his former friend, to reprove him. "I dare not, by reason of thy vile life, show openly that thy speech pleases me, nor come to thee in fashion that thou mayest see me." It is just possible, perhaps, that Guido, who adhered to that section of the magnates who refused to inscribe their names in the Guilds and were therefore excluded from political life, may be rebuking Dante for his political backsliding in joining the People. More probably, however, the sonnet refers to Dante's altered mode of life in the period which followed the completion of the *Vita Nuova*, a period of Dante's life which is reflected in the group of passionate lyrics known as the *canzoni pietrose*, and in the six sonnets interchanged between him and Forese Donati, the famous *tenzone* which now, mainly through the researches of Professor Isidore del Lungo, is almost universally

<sup>1</sup> *Convivio*, ii. 13.



accepted as authentic. It is for this same part of his life that Beatrice was to address still bitterer reproaches to him, from the banks of the mystical river at the close of the *Purgatorio*.

Thus closes Dante's poetical correspondence with Guido Cavalcanti; but it would not seem to have closed their friendship. It is still as the first of his friends that Dante thinks of Guido—dead probably long years before—when he came to write the *Inferno*, and the spirit of Guido's father, Cavalcante de' Cavalcanti, rose before his imagination out of his fiery tomb. By his poetical fiction, which places the vision in Holy Week and Easter of 1300, Dante could tell the old Florentine spirit "that his child is still joined to the living;"<sup>1</sup> but it was the last Easter that Guido kept on earth. Both Lapo Gianni and Guido Cavalcanti played their parts in the tragic events of Dante's priorate, even as their names are written in gold in the light-hearted poetry of his youth. It is in the Protocol of Lapo Gianni that the only extant document of Dante's priorate has been preserved to us; in his presence, on June 15th, 1300, Dante with the five other Priors and the Gonfaloniere di Giustizia confirmed the sentence, of fine or mutilation, passed by their predecessors against the three Florentine traitors who had conspired to betray Florence to Pope Boniface.<sup>2</sup> And it was by the sentence of these same Priors, a few days later, that Guido Cavalcanti was sent into that exile from which he returned at the end of August, when Dante had left office, only to die.

Although Cino da Pistoia had probably answered Dante's first sonnet, and had certainly sent him an exceedingly beautiful canzone upon the death of Beatrice—in the opinion of many critics the best poem that Messer Cino ever wrote—

Avvegna ch' i 'aggia più volte per tempo,

"Albeit I have already many times besought Pity and Love to comfort your sad life," there is no evidence of any intimate friendship between them before their mutual exile. Dante neither mentions Cino in his *Vita Nuova* nor makes the slightest reference to him in the *Divina Commedia*. Cino appears, indeed, to have been inclined to quarrel with Guido Cavalcanti. In a

<sup>1</sup> *Inf.* x. 111.

<sup>2</sup> The document may be found in Del Lungo's book, *Dal Secolo e dal Poema di Dante*. The sentence was not really so barbarous as it sounded, as the culprits were safe at the Papal Court.

bitter, but rather powerful sonnet, Cino seems to repudiate a suggestion on the part of Guido that he had been guilty of plagiarism :

Qua' son le cose vostre ch' io vi tolgo?

"What are your things that I take from you, Guido, that you make me out so vile a thief? Certainly I gladly gather up fine sayings, but was anything of yours ever graceful?"

The great monument of Dante's friendship with Cino is the unfinished *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, which would, I believe, have been dedicated to Cino when completed, even as the *Vita Nuova* had been to Guido. In this treatise Dante refers to himself anonymously, merely as the friend of Cino da Pistoia, whose canzoni he couples with his own, as models of the noblest Italian poetry; Cino is for him the representative singer of Love, whom Dante only mentions after Guido, Lapo, and another Florentine (*i.e.*, himself), because a native of Pistoia and not of Florence. The *De Vulgari Eloquentia* was probably written in Dante's exile before the invasion of Italy by Henry of Luxemburg, that is, between 1302 and 1310; and to this same epoch belong most of the sonnets that passed between the two poets. It is rather doubtful when Cino was exiled, as we do not know for certainty whether he originally adhered to the White or Black section of the Guelfs, though it seems clear that, on the advent of the new Emperor, he threw in his lot with the Ghibellines. It is more usually supposed that he belonged, like Dante, to the White faction; and was exiled on the fall of Pistoia in 1306; but recent researches are said to have made it probable that he was exiled from Pistoia with the Black Guelfs in 1301, when "Pistoia first is thinned of Neri," as Dante writes in the *Inferno*.<sup>1</sup> Be it as it may, the poetical relations of the two exiles make a most pleasing episode in the history of these miserable conflicts; especially, perhaps, if they adhered to rival factions, but were united by their poetic art, and finally by their enthusiasm for "the peerless lord Henry," the last imperial hero of the Middle Ages.

We have first an isolated sonnet from Cino to Dante :

Dante, i' ho preso l'abito di doglia,

"Dante, I have put on the garb of grief"—on the occasion of the death of Selvaggia, the lady of Cino's poetical worship. Although Cino had sung nobly in the praise of Beatrice, Dante does not

<sup>1</sup> *Inf.* xxiv. 143.

seem to have answered this sonnet, or, at least, his reply has not been preserved. As a matter of fact, he does not mention Selvaggia anywhere, although at an earlier period he had, as we have already seen, paid graceful poetical compliments to Giovanna and Lagia, the ladies of his other friends. Cino appears to have resented this. There is a sonnet of his, addressed after Dante's death to Busone da Gubbio, in which he represents this silence of Dante concerning Selvaggia as a serious blot upon the *Divina Commedia*.<sup>1</sup> As far as I know, the date of Selvaggia's death is purely conjectural. She died in exile from Pistoia in the Apennines, but it seems uncertain whether her family were among the exiled Neri in 1301, or the banished Bianchi in 1306.

The *tenzone*, properly so called, between Dante and Cino consists of ten sonnets, answering each other rhyme for rhyme. They have been comparatively little studied, and the readings of the most authoritative manuscripts are frequently very different from the text given in the published editions of the lyrical poems of Dante and Cino respectively. Of the five sonnets which constitute Dante's share of this correspondence, only three are included in the Oxford Dante; but of the other two, one is undoubtedly genuine.

It was after a long silence that Dante wrote to Cino—"My long and tedious silence towards you"—and so commenced this *tenzone*. And his sonnet is the expression of a mood of utter depression and despondency. The times are so bad, the place in which he is seems so fell (possibly the Casentino), the men and women round him so debased, that virtue has no home and he has no heart to sing:

Perch' io non trovo chi meco ragioni,

"Because I find no one to discourse with me of that Lord whom we both serve." "No lady is there in whose face Love may come, nor yet any man to sigh for him, and whoso did it here would be a fool. Ah, Messer Cino, how the time has turned against us and against our songs, since the Good is so little gathered up."

Cino's answer is a most noble utterance, worthy to stand by the rebuke which Guido had sent to Dante when he fell from

<sup>1</sup> The sonnet *In fra gli altri difetti del libello*. See THE MONTH for April, 1899. Busone's answer to this sonnet is contained in a MS. in the British Museum, and is, as far as I know, unpublished.

the promise of his New Life. If things are so evil, says Cino in effect, all the more should Dante speak out as the preacher of justice :

Dante, i' non so in quale albergo suoni,

"Dante, I know not in what refuge sounds the Good that is forgotten by all." But yet, when times change for the worse, he who should keep silence about it would fail in his duty (*chi'l ben tacesse non risponde al fio*). Then, even if all the world has turned its back upon Truth, let him sing on in the name of Beatrice. "Beloved brother mine, wrapped round with pain, cease not from thy labour, for the sake of that Lady on whom thou dost gaze, if thou art not loosened from Faith."

A decidedly lower note is sounded in the four following sonnets, which deal with those questions of amorous casuistry which formed a large portion of the *materia poetica* of the period. The first pair, question and answer, may perhaps belong to an earlier epoch in the lives of the two poets, and possibly does not really form part of this *tenzone*. Cino is enamoured afresh of some lady whom Love declares is to be the Beatrice of his heart :

Novellamente Amor mi giura e dice,

"Yet again Love swears to me and saith ;" and Cino asks Dante's advice as to his line of conduct, for his former amorous experiences make him hesitate : "For I cannot imitate the Phoenix." But Dante's answer, if it is really his, is hardly illuminating—

I' ho veduto già senza radice,

"I have seen a rootless trunk become vigorous through Love," and he apparently advises Cino to be very careful. This sonnet has not hitherto been included in any edition of Dante's lyrical poetry. It exists complete in only one manuscript, as far as my own experience extends ; and, were it not for the fact that it is undoubtedly written in answer to Cino's sonnet in which Dante is addressed by name, I should regard it as apocryphal. The next pair falls in better with the rest of the *tenzone*. Cino asks Dante whether, when one love has proved hopeless, the soul can transfer its affections to another object :

Dante, quando per caso s'abbandoni,

"Dante, when by chance the amorous desire of hope is

abandoned." And Dante answered in a magnificent lyric, altogether beyond what the occasion demanded :

Io sono stato con Amore insieme,

"I have been together with Love from my ninth year ; and I know how he bridles and how he spurs, and how under him one laughs and moans." Although this sonnet also appears in only one manuscript, it is most undoubtedly genuine, and is quoted, as Dante's answer to Messer Cino, by Cecco d'Ascoli in his *Acerba* : "But Dante, writing back to Messer Cino, does not see Love in this pure form, or he would soon have changed his utterance, *Io sono stato con Amore insieme*."

In a famous Laurentian manuscript there is a curious Latin letter, copied out in Boccaccio's own hand, "to the exile of Pistoia, the Florentine undeservedly banished, sendeth long salutation and ardour of perpetual charity." It apparently answers Cino's question, "whether the soul can be transformed from passion to passion," and accompanies a poem showing "how an intense love of an object can grow torpid and at last perish, and how the corruption of the one passion may generate another in the soul." The letter has been ascribed to Dante, and the poem in question is supposed to be this sonnet. The whole matter is, however, still very doubtful.

So far Dante takes a lenient view of his friend's fickleness, confesses to a like frailty in himself, and ascribes it all to the weakness of man's will when opposed to the power of love. But now a complete change of tone comes into the correspondence. We have a sonnet of Cino's :

Cercando di trovar minera in oro,

"Seeking to find a golden mine," in which he confesses that an evil thorn (*mala spina*) has wounded his heart ; apparently a new love affair, though some suppose that the reference is to some member of the house of Malaspina. There are many difficulties about the text and meaning of this sonnet, but the answer is almost certainly by Dante :

Degno fa vui trovare ogni tesoro ;

"Your voice, so sweet and clear, makes you worthy to find every treasure ; but your fickle heart carries you away, for love's dart never really pierced it. I, who am transfixed in every pore by that thorn which is healed with sighs, still find

the mine in which that virtue for which I grow pale is rendered perfect." Thus speaks the man who has turned from all these things, and, in those mystical contemplations which are to bring forth the *Commedia*, has surely found the golden mine in which the virtue of love is rendered perfect.<sup>1</sup>

There is again a pause before the next sonnet, which ends Dante's share in the *tenzone*. It belongs, in all probability, to the closing years of his life, when he had completely returned to the allegorical Beatrice of the *Commedia*; and he is now inclined to judge his friend's poetic confessions more severely:

I' mi credea del tutto esser partito  
da queste vostre rime, Messer Cino,

"I believed myself to be quite severed from these rhymes of yours, Messer Cino; for henceforth another road befits my ship, much further from the shore." But he can still set his tired fingers to the pen to admonish his friend for his fickleness in love. "If your light heart entangles you so, I pray you to correct it with virtue, so that your practice may accord with your sweet sayings:"

Però se leggier cor così v' involve,  
prego che con vertu 'l correggiate,  
sì che s'accordi 'l fatto ai dolci detti.

This is probably the very last of Dante's lyrical poems. And, indeed, three out of the eleven manuscripts whose text of this sonnet I have so far examined read *da queste nostre rime*, "from these *our* rhymes," as though Dante regarded all his own erotic poetry as a part of him that was dead. His ship had indeed put forth and was already far from shore, upon the boundless ocean of the *Divina Commedia*.

Cino answered in a rather characteristic sonnet, which closes the *tenzone*. It commences—

Poi ch'io fui, Dante, dal mio natal sito,

"Since, Dante, I was by long exile made a wanderer from my native place, and banished from the most perfect beauty that ever Infinite Wisdom formed." He has ever been enamoured of this same beauty alone, although he has sought its likeness—

<sup>1</sup> This sonnet, although ascribed to Dante by a number of manuscripts of high authority, has not been included in any of the published editions of the *Canzoniere*. It is given by Witte in his *Dante-Forschungen*, ii. 561; and, with better text, by F. Pellegrini, in the *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, xxxi. See also E. Lamma, in the *Giornale Dantesco*, vii. 3.

somewhat as Shelley in later years—in many mortal forms. When Messer Cino again took up the pen to write of Dante and his own *amorosi dubbi*, the divine poet was dead—

Su per la costa, Amor, dell' alto monte,

“Who now, Love, could mount the steep of the high mountain?”

“Ah, sweet tongue that with thy speech didst content each one that heard thee, how much sorrow is given to all who have their minds turned towards Love, since Fortune has taken thee from the world!”

Ah dolce lingua che con tuoi latini  
facei contento ciascun che t'udia,  
quanto dolor si dia  
ciascun che verso Amor la mente ha volta  
poi che fortuna dal mondo t'ha tolta!

EDMUND GARRATT GARDNER.



## *English Forests.*

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THE genius of the Pine Forests is clearly one of grave reserve and fidelity. To the utmost verge of the vision's reach it is met by the solemn, stately bearing of the evergreen natives of this tawny soil. The almanac registers a period of mid-winter, and yet the sombre verdure of these enduring forests is abundantly with us. They tell us nothing jocund or mirthful. They utter no note of sympathy or tenderness. They are unresponsive to the sun himself, who finds no answering gleam in their lustreless foliage. There is little of light or shade in their plume-like boughs, only outline—majestic, it is true—lifting high and aloof from more transient things, and, serenely contemplative, defining their reserved, self-sufficing lineaments in silhouette against the calm pallor of an English winter sky.

One perturbing influence alone reaches the pine-trees—the wind in its strength. Above all, when it comes from the sea it seems to bring some disconcerting message, which sets them sighing and murmuring, and waving their plumes with an anxious, rhythmic restlessness, always, indeed, tempered by the restraint of their dignity, and readily to be soothed by the kindly caresses of the first ministering rain shower. Here and there you may find in their midst an ilex lighting the sombreness and eagerly reflecting every shaft of sunshine which is allowed to reach it. For those rays have a cunning and stealthy part to play—a game at hide and seek—in order to baffle the stern neighbourhood and approach the being which desires them and which illumines with warm excitement and with a certain sparkling levity at their first contact.

But when the sun *does* penetrate that exclusive roof, what a disclosure of quiet beauty it brings. What a perspective of tall black columns—a “Hall of many thousand Pillars” indeed—straight and severe, reaching and blending into the level distance, all enwrought and backgrounded by an atmosphere of faint blue, yet gold-tinged, haze. Again, the austere trees

cannot hinder their shadows. More beautiful, sometimes, than the material things which cast them, the winter sun traces their outlines, whether they will or no, and patterns the chrome-tinted, cone-strewn earth with ever-changing intricate transparencies; till a vagrant cloud sails overhead and blots out the carpet. It is easy to understand how the broom and gorse, the ling, and the rust-coloured bracken have colonized here, and, in spite of the ungenerous soil that feeds them, are content to live their hidden, ascetic lives among the aisles and cloisters of the towering, resinous Pine Forests. A briny breeze, like a breath of outside liberty, comes now and again by way of some clearing to tempt them from their allegiance, but the diffident things bow their heads as it passes over them, and rest pensively content.

For these Forests, with all their solemn sobriety, offer large compensations. What they are in July such are they in January. The small, newly-born, delicate green tips of the spring—pledges of the trees' natural affinities, in spite of their stern methods—have, in early days, put on the sedate tone of the parent trees who, in their friendliness to human kind, are with us in the winter of our English discontent, with the same insistent endurance and garbed as completely as in high and glorious midsummer. They are the monastic order among trees, and though our thoughts turn tenderly to the appealing and plaintive grace of English woods in their unclothed, naked winter beauty, it must be reverently conceded that the note of the Pine Forests is one of tenacious, if stern, fidelity. The very wood-pigeons that house therein have put on the habit of constancy, and croon a winter love-song as persuasive as if it were May.

The monks of the middle ages, and earlier, had a keen sense of the propriety of place. That, indeed, reckoned weightily in the value of their building achievements. Before art became self-conscious, before the significance of the word (in its modern sense) existed, men built to supply their needs, and out of their own instinctive sense of beauty—a sixth sense—produced little that was not noble, harmonious, and fitting. They expressed themselves in what they built, not working on any given artistic data—for they were, perhaps, as unconscious of being "artistic" as were the Japanese of half a century ago—but simply because nothing ugly or vulgar had ever entered into their lives, and due appreciation of beauty in form, colour, and material was, with them, an intuition. And this instinct, apparently, guided them, likewise, in their choice of site. It is a rare thing to find an

ancient building of great worth unfittingly placed. Its environments, both for utility and picturesqueness, are almost invariably adapted to its requirements. They are "dedicated to the situation" and service each of the other.

Nothing could be more appropriate or accordant than to find, within the fringe of the forest and lying well within the sanative balmy breath of aromatic pines, one of those relics of an age when the conditions of life, both of rich and poor, were actually and unconsciously beautiful; when to build meant to create something admirable, and, whether on noble or simple lines, always dignified and expressive of individual idea.

Such a creation is the ancient monastic church, which lies on the dark velvet skirts of the old New Forest, but which is set in an emerald isle of its own of sweet river meadow, an insulated oasis in a stretch of sandy flats. To realize the history of this beautiful Christchurch, one must think back for nine centuries and more, and with the mind's vision conjure up and view the rude Saxon Priory, which then had its place on these meadows—the Priory of Twynham, the "dwelling by two streams," it was called.

Then, in the days of William Rufus, there came Bishop Ranulph Flambard—the son, it is said, of a Saxon swineherd, but—the great church-builder of his age and one of the principal pioneers of Norman architecture in England. Whatever were his shortcomings in other respects, he well knew—as the nobility of Durham Minster may testify—how to embody religious feeling, rugged and stern as was the spirit of his age, in his building achievements. The reconstruction of the dilapidated old Hampshire Priory, where he had passed his student days, under the training of the secular Canons of St. Augustine, had long filled his forceful, imaginative brain. And after many years of brooding over, this dream—thanks to the subtle tact, the sweet, persuasive power, and the resolute will of this courtier-Bishop—was consummated in its plenitude. The Canons relinquished to him their affluent revenues to enable him to carry out his purpose, and one of the early chapters of the history of English architecture was written at Twynham. Very clearly is its subsequent history manifested in the stones of Christchurch; each period, excellent of its type, expressing the mind and temper of its own time. Each century brings a gradual awakening or unfolding—from the uncompromising, durable, solemn, splendid dignity of the Norman nave and north transept, through

an age when, in the north aisle, the round arch became pointed and the eternal-looking pillars (severe and crude) burst into flutings and floriated capitals. Then, further, was the height of lineal beauty achieved in the lovely curves and staid majesty of the south transept, added in "Early English" days. The perpendicular work in chantries and Lady Chapel, to those who have an eye for its unstable-looking, frail, though graceful lines, is equal in excellence to the earlier work. But the flow of the architectural tide had been reached, and the age of decadence had set in with a sure and unwavering ebb, which reaches its depth—so far as Christchurch is in question—in the miserable, raw modernity of the paltry stained glass which disfigures and desecrates some of its comely windows—like weakly, meagre eyes, set in the face of an otherwise beautiful woman.

The days of the Priory were numbered by Henry VIII., whose devoted Commissioners found "the house well furnysshed with juellys and plate, whereof som be mete for the King's majestie is use, as a little chalys of golde (!), a gudly lardg cross doble gilt, . . . a gudly greate pyxe for the Sacrament"—with many other sacred things, upon all of which were laid rude hands in the name of the royal burglar; whilst the bereft and queenly church was handed over to the Dean and Chapter of Winchester, who, in their turn, sold it to Lord Malmesbury. Such is the story of its ignominy and its bondage.

It is a matter for small wonder that this place of singular beauty and rich tradition—lying between a boundary of forest and a very incontinent sea—should be encompassed with legend and folklore. The simpler and ruder of the country people—with a faith not born of this generation—assure you with earnestly convincing voice that Christchurch owes its charm to other than human skill and invention; for that, in the course of its creation under new and difficult conditions, there came daily from the Forest a Workman, who laboured without stint, in the midst of Bishop Flambard's skilled Norman band, and who, by the deft touch of "his gentle artist hand," achieved such results as they knew not of. The mystery grew, as each eventide, when the workers received each man his wage, the Stranger claimed nothing, but silently took his way to the Pine Forest from whence he had come.

Again, when the oak beam—cut from the stalwartest and loftiest of the neighbouring woodland trees—was lifted to its place over the ambulatory, architect and workmen were alike

dismayed to find that it lacked a hand's length of the needful measurement. The dejected band dispersed, the "Silent One" alone remaining. But coming again at dawn, they found with awed amazement, the beam fixed in its place; and the Stranger, as he pointed to it, spoke in serene, reassuring voice—

Unless the Lord doth aid in building,  
All the work of man is vain.

Then they whispered together, and said one to the other, "Surely it is the Lord, the Master Builder of all things." Thus—as the legend tells—it came to pass that the Church and Priory of Twynham were dedicated to Christ, instead of to the Holy Trinity, as it had been in its earlier Saxon age.

He or she who has courage and energy enough to mount the great central tower may learn exactly how the two rivers, the Stour and Avon, emulate one the other in ministering to the grace of Christchurch; how they meander, and encompass it until they mingle their waters and make for it a harbour, appropriate to its calm beauty. At a bend of the Stour, some two miles distant, St. Catherine's Hill lifts its dark pine-draped ridge. Upon this "health hill" the Saxon Canons besought Bishop Flambard to rebuild their Priory and so rescue them from the miasmal visitations of the fair but insidious river meadows. But—so the tale is told—each dawn found the stones, which had been carried by the labourers up the hill the previous day, removed again to the ancient site between the rivers. This hint was accepted as from the higher Powers, and, in defiance of malaria and ague, the Priory of Twynham, "the dwelling between two streams," was again raised, in its new and Norman grandeur, on the old, consecrated, but marshy ground; bodily ills—in those days—being held as of secondary importance to supernatural evils; and those primitive, simple-minded churchmen had begun to question whether the ground on the hill, which had been desecrated by a pagan temple during the days of the Roman occupation, was an acceptable spot whereupon to plant the altar of the one true God.

On the brow of St. Catherine's you may well linger, and with the leisure eye look out afar and gather in the environing grace of the land. The horizon has risen with the climber, and the range of his vision has extended over far-stretching miles of level country. To the south the white coast line trends away east and west, to be lost in the veil of pale grey haze, which clings

with such insistence to these southern waters, and which, with its softening glamour, so often lends mystery and modesty to their Quaker-like beauty. Hanging mirage-wise in the mist-cloud is "the Island." On the land side the silver curves of the rivers are traceable to their vanishing glimmer—and "Tyrell's Ford," too, is within the eye's reach, where Sir Walter crossed the Avon when he fled in fear to the coast after King Rufus had died by his random shaft. A broad band of pine-woods lines the coast for miles, merging into and bordering the New Forest—like a dark velvet adornment on a carpet of varied embroidery.

The soft sweeping lines of the royal enclosure—with its ninety thousand acres of wooded wilderness, moorland, tall forest-trees, and undisciplined varied loveliness—lose themselves in the horizon to the north-east; and the sight of it strikes an instant chord of early delightful memories and awakes a train of quaint imaginings. There, then, is the New Forest, the kingdom of Oberon where Titania held her tricky, mischievous court; the haunt of Puck and his pixie crew, so beloved of one's childhood; the home of the gipsies, so feared and yet so fascinating; the lurking-place of smugglers and hunting-ground of poachers, as well as of kings; the kingdom of Robin Hood and the scene of Maid Marian's vagaries. All gone into the past with the superannuated, shrunken timber and withered, fallen leaves of hundreds of autumns. For few of the oaks and beeches, the ashes and birch-trees which drape the hills and veil the bosoms of the valleys to-day belong to those delightfully fantastic centuries. The plantations of Scotch firs are mere aliens and interlopers, and the smiling copses of hazel, dog-rose, honey-suckle, and wild cherry (called by the foresters the "merry" tree), are like nurseries of radiant children.

Trees have their generations as well as men, and the New Forest, with all its blue-blooded ancestry, is still a new forest; a much more respectable forest, doubtless, reformed both in morals and manners, with its Dryads and its Fauns "frighted away," with "squoyles" (squirrels) in place of pixies; and sportsmen armed with the Government license, instead of Robin's "merrie men;" but purged of its romantic, restive wickedness and stript of the poetic superstitions which lent it the picturesque glamour of the past.

SARA H. DUNN.

“No. 5, John Street.”

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IN the course of Cardinal Vaughan's address at the Catholic Conference this year, three books dealing with the social problem were mentioned, and one of them was quoted at some length. The three are among the more recent representatives of a class of literature which of late years has had several more or less successful exponents; and each deals with a particular aspect of the main question. Mr. W. L. Wyckoff's two volumes on *The Workers* appeal less forcibly to us in England than to our American friends, among whom the recorded experiences are placed. Mr. Sheldon's books, of which *In His Steps* is perhaps the best known, also come to us from across the Atlantic; these are frankly fictitious, written with the definite purpose of making men realize their duties to their less fortunate brethren by the consideration of what Christ would have done had He been among us. The stories had little to recommend them beyond honesty of purpose and earnestness of expression, and their teaching—perhaps on account of the prominence given to the necessity for good works—has been energetically opposed in some Protestant religious circles; but the various rival editions at popular prices were circulated by millions, both here and in America, and during the period of their popularity, early in the present year, almost every one was reading them. Containing nothing new, they put certain familiar truths in a popular and readable form, and, if report is to be trusted, had a definite, if but a temporary influence for good.

*No. 5, John Street*, occupies a different position from the works just mentioned, in that, although it appears in the garb of fiction, which for the moment seems to be the “only wear” in which serious facts can command attention, it aims at being a representation of life as it is actually lived by a large section of the community in London, and, indeed, in all our great towns and cities. The position claimed for himself by the author in



this story—that of having actually lived in the supposed "John Street" for six weeks, on an income of eighteen shillings a week—is not to be accepted as literally true. When it first occurred to him to study the social problem as it actually exists, it was his intention, as he tells us, "to go down into the slums, and live in them for some years as one of the people." But his occupation as a leader-writer on a daily paper prevented the carrying out of this scheme; and he had to content himself with "mixing with the poor as much as he could, with spending his leisure among them, and with doing all he could to get to the heart of their misery."<sup>1</sup> His book, which took him five years to write—or rather three, for he tells us it was left untouched for two years—on its publication last March at once attracted attention: it occupies a place among the six books which during September were most popular both in England and in America, and fourteen thousand copies have been sold in America alone.

In choosing his locality, Mr. Richard Whiteing has not joined the class of writers for whom, as a brilliant essayist put it some ten years back, "the sun always sets in the east end." It is "in the very heart of a slum which lies between two of the finest thoroughfares of the West End" that John Street is situated; it is presumably one of the streets in Soho, between Regent Street and Oxford Street—a district which figures in the book on *Life in West London*, with which Mr. Arthur Sherwell startled many of the respectable residents in that neighbourhood a couple of years since. "The East End" has indeed long been accepted by those interested in social work as a representative rather than as a geographical term: as a matter of fact, the state of things which it has come to indicate exists in every part of London, although, as has been said, the greater part of it lies on the south of the river. Mr. Charles Booth has elucidated its general distribution, and the reports of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes's "West London Mission"<sup>2</sup> sufficiently illustrate its existence in the district of which "John Street" is a part.

It has been said that one of the causes of the social conditions in the east of London is the separation of the rich from the poor; but similar conditions exist in John Street, within a stone's throw of which the wealthy and leisured of

<sup>1</sup> *The Puritan*, August, 1899, p. 631.

<sup>2</sup> "Here in West Central London we have more sin and misery than anywhere else in London." (*Report of West London Mission for 1899*, p. 6.)

London are continually passing. The separation of the classes is undoubtedly conducive to unsatisfactory results ; but it may be questioned whether the existence side by side of extreme wealth and extreme poverty is not a more serious commentary upon the artificial conditions under which we live.

*No. 5, John Street*, is imagined by the author as an outcome of his earlier clever novel, *The Island*, which on its publication, a good many years ago, received less attention than it will receive now that it has been republished as a consequence of the success of the late book. The Governor of this "speck of coral island in the waste of waters" of the Pacific, had requested "Sir Charles," the supposed author of the book, to "report on the laws, customs, institutions, and manners of the mother country, for the edification of the islanders," whose aim was the imitation of England, and, having accepted the invitation, he proceeded to carry it out. "A sense of responsibility to my commission showed me that I ought to tell the islanders something of the life of that section which has been so happily described as 'the other half,' " and, feeling his ignorance, he attended a conference at the Mansion House on the social question, his description of which may be quoted as an example of his style :

We were a hundred and fifty or so in the room, all talking about the poor man. The Charity Organization Society was in attendance ; a bishop was on the platform ; a colonial governor was on his legs ; many meek and saintly women were scattered about, with some who had evidently taken the meeting between two afternoon calls. We talked about the poor man. Oh, how we talked about him ! And though he was not there, we talked at him, too, by mere force of habit. Some were for doing useful things with him in colonies ; others for keeping him at home in labour settlements, and under lock and key. Others, again, had a scheme by which, with strict frugality, temperance, and self-denial, he might save just £4 13s. 7d. per year—a sum that, in twenty years or so, might yield enough to supply him with an annuity of £9 5s. od. for his old age. We talked till there was barely time to run home and dress for dinner. Then, with a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman, we poured out into the street, where the carriages were drawn up in line.

"Sir Charles" was then invited to join a University Settlement at the East End, but this he considered as "a mere peep-hole into the life (he) wanted to see." So he took a lodging in a third-floor back in John Street, "a place less than a mile from (his) customary haunts, yet, in the reckoning of life

and habits and ways and thoughts, as remote from them as Africa." Here he settled down as a copyist and minor clerk in a factory, at a salary of 18s. per week.

For the details of his experiences, the book itself must be consulted; I can only here direct attention to two or three of the more characteristic features. One of the most striking is the absence of that real or seeming exaggeration which has marred the work of previous writers on similar subjects. Sir Walter Besant, for example, spoke some years back, when "the east end" was beginning to attract notice, of "two millions who never smile." Mr. Arthur Morrison, in his lurid *Tales of Mean Streets*, and *A Child of the Jago*, met the charge of exaggeration which was brought against him with so much display of evidence,<sup>1</sup> that it is difficult to say that he was not accurately depicting scenes which had really taken place. Yet it is not easy to believe that life is lived as he depicts it; even in the worst of east-end slums it can hardly be as irredeemably horrible as he would have us believe. At any rate it is not so bad as this in John Street, although it is bad enough.

The interest in Mr. Whiteing's story centres for the most part in No. 5, but is sometimes diverted to the west end and to the Hotel Cecil. From this it will be seen that the author aims at portraying London life at its two extremes, and the importance of the book lies in the wide range of observation which he has taken, and has here placed on record. We get a series of snap-shots—clear and graphic beyond their usual wont—not only of No. 5 and its inmates, but of such adjuncts as their "literature," if such a term may be employed for the terrible papers which Mr. Whiteing pillories under slightly disguised names; their external occupations; the places where they work and feed; their amusements; their clubs, anarchist and other; their "shelters." And we have similar pictures—to some of us less convincing, perhaps, because less familiar—of the equivalents of these things in wealthy and aristocratic circles. The chief effect is to make us wonder what the New Zealander will say when he comes to reconstruct our history from the traces we have left upon the sands of time; and whether he will find it possible to believe that the two peoples came of a common stock, and lived side by side in the same town.

Mr. Whiteing has not followed the example of certain writers in associating virtue entirely with the poor and vice exclusively

<sup>1</sup> *New Review*, March, 1897.

with the rich ; it is not vice, as we commonly understand the word, that besets the latter, but selfishness—"the idea of each for himself." He has indeed made his slum-dwellers more interesting and less selfish than the *nouveaux riches* of whom Sir Marmaduke Ridler (whose father kept a small general shop) and his son (who "holds his own with the best bloods of the Row") are types, but in this he is amply justified. Any one who is even slightly acquainted with the dwellers in our courts and alleys knows their extreme readiness to help their neighbours, no matter at what inconvenience to themselves ; just as every one who will take the trouble to inquire will discover how large, in proportion to their income, are the gifts of the poor in support of their religion, and especially of the Catholic poor. And certainly any social worker who has the knack of becoming friends with the boys of his club, will find them far more entertaining, because far more natural and spontaneous, than the average acquaintance formed at an evening party.

This helpfulness of the poor to one another manifests itself in John Street in a general alliance against authority, and in a charitable unwillingness to condemn one's neighbours, which latter feature might be imitated with good results in more refined circles. "Never done no 'arm to me," "No bizness of mine," are the answers which Covey—the most interesting inmate of No. 5—gives to inquiries concerning his fellow-lodgers, which it might be difficult to answer more specifically without conveying censure. The sanitary inspector, the school-board officer, the policeman, the detective, the coroner's officer, the factory inspector—John Street is a match for each and all of them by sheer force of combination. The various philanthropic and religious organizations are played off one against the other ; the account of their various attempts upon "Covey" is very amusing, and

—the sum of it all is that beneath this storm-tossed sea of agencies—legal, religious, moral, material, and social—we lead a quiet life, wherein no single soul need be balked of its desires for beer, for skittles, and the rest. Not one of these powers has us fairly in its grip.

Very shrewd are the suggestions conveyed by the author, sometimes in his own person, sometimes through the mouths of his characters. Too accurate, for example, in too many instances, is the brief description of "the model"—"a vast, towering packing-case for humanity, pierced for miasmatic air and

uncertain light." So again is the description of the John Street boy :

His claim against Society, Nature, God—call it what you will, seems stupendous. He lacks everything—clothing, flesh to hang it on, all the amenities, presumptively down to the A.B.C. He wears a shirt torn at the shoulder, and a pair of trousers which is but a picturesque ruin—just these and no more. A ridiculous fag-end of the shirt, itself a shred, sticks tailwise out behind through one of the rents. He is shoeless, capless, uncombed, and very dirty.

This is a photograph, the original of which may be seen any day by any one who will walk through Soho from Oxford Street to Piccadilly. Covey thus endorses in his own way the views of social reformers as to the connection between light and morals—in John Street, not only the kitchens below the level of the street, but the cellars underneath them—"down two flights"—have their dwellers.

They lives dahnstairs. Buried like. I always think that makes a difference. Dahnstairs ain't never no class in 'ouses o' this sort. It's what's above—that's what yer must look at for the real style of a place. Suppose you was to go dahnstairs at St. Paul's or Wes'mi'ster Abbey, what would yer find? Dead 'uns. Same everywhere; give the sun a charnce.

Equally shrewd is the remark of 'Tilda, the flower-girl heroine of the book :

Why didn't yer ketch me when I was a kid? . . . We can't do no good with ourselves now. We wants pickin' all to pieces, and if yer begin that, you'll only tear the stuff. Give the young 'uns a chance in their cradles, an' let the old 'uns die off; then you'll see a change.

'Tilda, though interesting and a fine character, seems to me unreal; her interview with the Princess of Wales at the Jubilee dinner to the poor—which Mr. Whiteing does not fail to criticize—like her death in defeating the schemes of the anarchists, does not carry conviction, although her comments on the old masters in the National Gallery have a genuine ring. Nance, her sister—a victim to slow poisoning, the result of "naphtha and carbon bi-sulphide constantly inhaled"—is a pathetic little figure; and her death supplies Mr. Whiteing with material for a terrible and too true indictment against the dangerous trades by which the Sir Marmaduke Ridlers amass their enormous fortunes at the cost of innumerable lives. This is no exaggerated state-

ment : those who think it so will do well to invest a shilling in Mr. R. H. Sherard's *White Slaves of England*, or to read the evidence concerning "dangerous trades" which is brought forward from time to time, when the public conscience is stirred to protest. But the words put into the mouth of Nance's doctor are terrible enough :

She has been as surely poisoned as if she had taken a dose. I know the place where she worked. We had hundreds of cases from there at Guy's in my student days. It's a murder trap, warranted to kill if you give it half a chance. . . . It's pneumonia now, if I had to give it a name for a certificate. But it would be sheer poisoning in small doses if I had to lecture on it as a hospital case. . . . Half the certificates we write are mere anodynes for the public conscience. Most of the factory work for girls is simply murderous. . . . When you get the poison thrown in, what are you to do? If there's no actual poison, it's called a healthy trade ; the factory air, the factory dirt, the factory stench, found in all the trades, don't come into the reckoning.

Here is the description of the india-rubber factory, and its effects upon the workers :

Their's is an industry of which every stage and every operation costs a fraction of a life. They have all sorts of "funny complaints." Their eyes smart and water as they toil in the penetrating fumes, and they weep with the mechanical facility of experienced crocodiles. They see double at times, and the vast barn-like room swims round them as though its pots, brushes, garments, stuffs, and furnace fires of gas jets, were all but so much ruin in a whirlpool. Sometimes they "ketch it in the lungs." They invariably "ketch it in the knob" ["nob" would be a better spelling] in the form of bilious headache. The moral effects are even more distressing. They lose their temper for nothing, and will find scope and verge enough for quarrel on a pin's point. Some have been known to go "right off their chump," and to be exceedingly rude to the overseers.

This is bad enough, and one wishes we could believe it to be exaggerated. But the evidence before the Dangerous Trades Committee, or that adduced in *The White Slaves of England*, forbid us to take comfort in such belief. I do not quote Sir Marmaduke Ridler's denunciation of the "faddists" who will not let a man "carry on his own business in his own way," for I do not wish to accept him as a fair type of his class. But it can hardly be denied that from time to time matters come to light which indicate that there is only too much ground for the following indictment :

The Law is supposed to have an eye on us. Old Antic! it would be truer to say that we have an eye on him. His inspectors show no offensive disposition to intrude. His magistrates are exceedingly considerate; and when they are not, we threaten them with the stoppage of an important industry. It is our business to send in periodical returns of our killed and wounded. The other side make it theirs to accept our figures without question. Live and let live is the motto, as between us and our administrative masters, if not between us and our white slaves. And Lord! Lord! how we can lie for the good of trade!

It is, however, his imaginary report to the Governor of the island that affords our author the opportunity for his most forcible denunciation of the condition of affairs under which thousands of our fellow-creatures live, and which bring men like Cardinal Vaughan to advocate the adoption—difficult as that would be to carry out—of a graduated income tax. Pages 325—328 should be read over and over again by those who want to understand and to realize that the condition of John Street is a necessary consequence of the luxury—the unjustifiable luxury—of the Ridders. "As for the common run of people"—it is thus that the author sums up young Seton Ridler's philosophy; the philosophy of a man who is neither vicious nor intemperate, but simply steeped in the selfishness which has accompanied him through life—

the sordidness of their lives is, no doubt, distressing in the extreme from an elevated point of view. But such as their lot is, it is the utmost of dignity, beauty, comfort, and ease, that can possibly be spared to them. If they insist on more, they may imperil the existence of the rich. *There is not enough of these things to go round.*

I do not care to follow young Ridler to his suites of rooms at the Hotel Cecil, nor to his tailors, nor to stand by while the various purveyors of his luxuries pay their court to their wealthy patron. It is the "Rake's Progress" over again, except that Seton is no rake—"he never touches a card;" he is temperate in drink; "he is for moderation in all things, as the true secret of enjoyment;" "he is no wastrel; he only wants to have things 'just so.'" Still less would I linger in Lady Ridler's drawing-room, where "a new drawing-room religion" is being promulgated "by a Brahmin imported at some cost from the banks of the Ganges;" and Sir Marmaduke is even less attractive than are his wife and son. It will be sufficient for



my purpose to cite the author's estimate of the real position of the family :

A. Ridler in his claim upon life is as pitiless of those who minister to his odious cravings as any Nero or Caligula. His pleasures are bought by pangs as effectually as if the pangs were the end and aim. He makes for misery as by a law, yet he is our most cherished institution, and a crown of things. He has become instructive, automatic, inconscient—the last and worst sign of all. He is of those most hopeless of all wrong-doers who know not what they do.

Fortunately we need not take the Ridders as types of the rich. We know that among the wealthier classes are bright examples of those who recognize their duties to the poor, who give to them that personal service which is the highest form of generosity ; just as there are great commercial firms who promote in many and various ways the welfare of their *employés*. But he would be a bold man who would say that the great proportion of those who have wealth recognize that they hold it as a trust, and will be held responsible for the use they make of it.

Among his *dramatis personæ*, Mr. Whiteing does not fail to include a representation of the class of respectable poor whose lives are spent on the border-line of starvation, and whose lot is in some ways the saddest of all to contemplate. Here is his picture of "Holy Joe," a survivor of the Balaclava charge, who "does a bit at night in the streets with 'is telescope, showin' the stars—astrolyger by trade."

He is pious ; he is disinterested ; he has an almost slavish respect for his betters, and a profound sense of the original sin of his own class. He has cut down his human nature to its irreducible minimum of aspiration and of claim. . . . He has lived a life of industry, honesty, temperance, and self-control. His one principle of conduct is to do without. . . . His touchstone of lawful pleasure is that it shall be without cost. He picks up his daily paper from the gutter, and he likes his very Bible the better because it is to be had for nothing. He would be worth his weight in gold on some public platform. A wise Legislature, or, for that matter, a wise Church, would endow him as an object lesson in the efficacy of those counsels of perfection addressed to his class. He should be the show fakir of the meetings of the Thrift Society. There would be only one objection—the public display of his misery and moroseness might have no other effect than the exposition of the drunken helot. All that the company would have before them would be a broken man, bent with spiritual privations even

more than with age and want, and a missing link between the sick and solitary ape and the most piteous developments of anti-social humanity.

Looked at from a purely human standpoint—and religion has little if any place in John Street, in spite of its various agencies—it cannot be denied that the thriftless and the vicious have more enjoyment and brightness in their lives than the poor of this type. This is the practical argument against thrift which is not put into words, but which can hardly fail to influence the conduct of the masses; and it applies with even more cogency to a rural population. Here are two men: one marries, brings up a family decently, works hard all his life, and ends his days in the workhouse. The other neglects every duty, indulges in every vice—or at least in as many as are open to him—and finds himself at the last side by side with the former. So long as the same end awaits the virtuous and the vicious, is it wonderful if—the sense of responsibility and of the future being absent—that course should be adopted which promises most enjoyment? I do not know how the matter is to be remedied, and we may be thankful that folk do not present to themselves the two alternatives in all their hard and bare simplicity. But it is men and women like "Holy Joe" who swell the number of "deaths by starvation," and lives of starvation, which darken the records of the wealthiest city in the world.<sup>1</sup>

There is of course only one true remedy for the present distress, and Mr. Whiteing sees it. "Nothing but a Church will do. All the other schemes of democracy have come to nought for want of that. The lecture-platform is no substitute for Sinai." His idea of a church is not ours; it does not cross his mind that the Church already exists, however imperfectly its members may carry out its ideals; nor does it cross the mind of John Street, save perhaps when "the grey robes of the Catholic Sisters" go up and down the stairs. But he sees that "we are still busy with a profitless struggle to live without a valid religion," and that "there must come to men the Appointed

<sup>1</sup> Here is a cutting from the *Daily Chronicle* of October 17th: "Emma Barwick, aged sixty-nine, a single woman, late of 66, London-road, Hackney Downs, seems to have starved herself to death in order that she could fulfil her promise of leaving a legacy of £10 to her niece. She had that amount in the Post Office Savings Bank.—At the inquest yesterday, Dr. Oliver said that the body was much emaciated, but that death was due to heart and kidney disease.—Natural death was the verdict of the jury."

One who will show them by His shining example what the religion is to be." It is at all events something that this should be recognized, and it should stimulate each of us in his individual capacity to do what he can to demonstrate "what the religion is to be."

Meanwhile it is well that we should know the need for it, and to do this we must not shrink from learning how facts really stand. Not only here, but perhaps even more in America, we have the heapers-up of untold wealth, the makers of colossal fortunes; and it is not too much to hope that Mr. Whiteing's message may reach where a more prosaic statement of facts would not obtain a hearing. It is an axiom that

Evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart;

and it would be difficult to read the book without thinking, and without reflecting deeply, upon the lessons it conveys. Above all should its message ring in the ears of those who are for ever boasting of the religion, the progress, the condition of England, to the disparagement of other countries who are considered less fortunate in these respects. It would be well for some among us to remember that the Pharisee was the one type for whom Christ had no word but that of condemnation; and that it is possible to say "we are rich, and made wealthy, and have need of nothing," not knowing that, all the while, in the eyes of the Eternal Wisdom, we are "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."<sup>1</sup>

JAMES BRITTEN.

<sup>1</sup> Apoc. iii. 17.

## *The November Meteors.*

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Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled  
The imperial ensign ; which full high advanced,  
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.

(Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 535—537.)

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THE best known of all the constellations in the northern sky is the Great Bear, with its seven brilliant stars forming Charles's Wain, the luminous waggon, or chariot, of the great King Charles, as it has been termed in popular parlance for at least nine hundred years. A line drawn through the foremost two stars of the waggon will, if produced northwards, pass very near to the Pole star, and hence the name of Pointers, which is attached to these two stars. Produce the same line in imagination in the opposite direction, and it will bring us to the body of the constellation of the Lion, the chief star of which is the brilliant Regulus. Above Regulus stands a group of bright stars, arranged somewhat in the form of a sickle, and in the hook of the sickle is contained the patch of sky from which, on November 16, in all likelihood about six o'clock in the morning, or thereabouts, will burst forth as from a focus, a stream of tens of thousands of meteors, which, should the sky be cloudless, will belt the firmament in brilliant streams of fiery light. For at that time the earth will reach a position in its orbit, or path round the sun, which intersects the path of an army of meteoric particles, probably to be reckoned by hundreds of millions, the vanguard of which commenced to pass through this celestial level-crossing some time last year, and is now about four hundred millions of miles on its journey round the sun, while the rear-guard will still be passing the same point when we arrive there again in November, 1900. The particles themselves are probably of the average size of a small shot, or the head of a pin, the largest, to judge from the observations of Newcomb and Harkness, in 1866, 1867, not weighing more than

the quarter of an ounce. But their velocity relatively to the earth, which is not overtaking them, but meeting them almost directly, since the plane of their orbit is inclined only some  $17^{\circ}$  to that of the earth, is enormous. Their own velocity is about 26 miles a second, and that of the earth in its orbit 18 miles a second, so that we shall pass them with a speed of about 44 miles a second. And as we plough our way through the hundred thousand miles which embrace the width of the stream, there will be many that we shall bend out of their course, while others, tens of thousands of them, will encounter our atmosphere, and be burnt to ashes. For the heat generated by the impact due to this enormous velocity, even though the upper reaches of the atmosphere be of the extremest tenuity, will be exceedingly great, so great that they will be dissipated in a flame of fire, the well-known phenomenon of the shooting-star.

The history of this stream is a most interesting one, whether we regard it from its historical, or from its astronomical aspect, and, moreover, is most suggestive in the domain of speculative theory. Interest in the subject may be said to have been first excited by the observations made by the celebrated traveller Humboldt, of the display of November 11, 1799, seen by him in company with M. Bonpland, at Cumana, in South America. Of this shower the latter observer states that there was not a space in the sky equal in extent to three diameters of the moon that was not every instant filled with shooting-stars. Sunrise alone put an end to the phenomenon. To Mr. Andrew Ellicott, who observed the display at sea off the coast of Florida, "the phenomenon was grand and awful; the whole heaven appeared as if illuminated by sky-rockets." According to various observations which Humboldt collected and collated with regard to the shower, it was shown "to have extended simultaneously over the new continent, from the equator to New Herrnhut, in Greenland."<sup>1</sup> Moreover, he was informed by the inhabitants of Cumana that thirty-three years previously a similar display had been witnessed, the meteors coming so thickly through the sky, that for the space of an hour they hid the neighbouring volcano, Cayamba, from view. The next great display took place on November 12, 1833, which was observed, among others, by Olmsted. It was computed that 250,000 meteors fell at Boston, in the United States of America, during the five or six hours

<sup>1</sup> Humboldt's *Cosmos*. Sabine's Edition, vol. i. p. 115.

during which the shower was seen. This great shower was heralded by showers on a more restricted scale in the two preceding years, and was likewise followed by stragglers which continued to meet the earth at the crossing-point until the year 1836.

As Humboldt tells us, "as early as 1686, Halley pronounced the great ball of fire seen in that year, the movement of which was opposite to that of the earth in her orbit, a cosmical phenomenon; but it was not until 1794, that Chladni, with remarkable acuteness, recognized the general connection between fire-balls and those stones which had been known to fall through the air, and the motion of the former bodies in space." In the shower of 1833, it was observed by Olmsted and others that all the paths of the shooting-stars if produced backwards met in a certain defined area of the sky, in the constellation of Leo. These foci of radiation, or emanation, of showers of shooting-stars have since received the name of radiant points. The paths of the innumerable meteors meeting the earth's atmosphere are in reality practically parallel, and it is only an effect of their optical projection upon the celestial sphere that causes their seeming radiation from a defined restricted region of the sky. What, however, was of importance in Olmsted's observations was the fact that this point continued to be the focus from whence the shooting-stars directed their courses across the heavens, although during the time of observation its position in the sky relatively to the horizon was materially altered. In a word, the radiant point participated in the diurnal movement of the fixed stars across the celestial vault. The meteors were therefore presumably not of terrestrial, but of cosmical origin. Their enormous velocities on entering the earth's atmosphere would lend additional weight to this view.

The observations of Humboldt in 1799, and those of Olmsted and others, of a magnificent shower occurring almost at the same date, in November, 1833, suggested the idea of periodicity in the display. A search was therefore undertaken with great zest by those interested in the matter for all accounts that might possibly exist of former observations of this same shower. Documents were soon found which recorded the phenomenon as having occurred about the months of October or November in historic times. Thus, in the year 902 A.D., in October, on the night when King Ibrahim-ben-Ahmed died, the Arabian writer records that the shooting-stars fell "like a

fiery rain." Three hundred years later, still in October, on the 12th, the stars fell the whole night through, "like locusts." Again, on the 21st October (old style), 1366, according to a document found by the young Von Boguslawski, in the *Chronicon Ecclesiæ Pragensis*, it is narrated "die sequente post festum xi millia Virginum, ab hora matutina usque ad horam primam, visæ sunt quasi stellæ de cælo cadere continuo, et in tanta multitudine quod nemo narrare sufficit."<sup>1</sup> The collation of these and similar accounts led Humboldt not only to conjecture the periodicity of the phenomenon, but also the gradual progression of the meeting-point of the meteors and the earth in the plane of the earth's orbit; an opinion subsequently adopted by Olbers. The advance from plausible conjecture to clear demonstration of the recurring periodicity of this wonderful shower was due to the labours of Professor H. A. Newton, of Yale College, Newhaven, U.S. The probable expectation of the recurrence of the shower in 1866, led him to collect all the known accounts of the phenomenon, and his results were published in two remarkable papers on the "November Star Showers" in the year 1864. In the discussion he was able to use no less than thirteen original accounts of the shower in the years subsequent to the first recorded appearance, in the year A.D. 902. They are exhibited in the following table, taken from the classical paper of the late Professor J. C. Adams, which appeared in the *Monthly Notices R.A.S.*, vol. xxvii. (April, 1867).<sup>2</sup> Professor Adams has added the data for the year 1866:

TABLE OF NOVEMBER STAR SHOWERS.

No.	A.D.	Day and hour. d. h.	Earth's longitude.
1.....	902.....	Oct. 12.....	17.....24° 17'
2.....	931.....	14.....	10.....25 57
3.....	934.....	13.....	17.....25 32
4.....	1002.....	14.....	10.....26 45
5.....	1101.....	16.....	17.....30 2
6.....	1202.....	18.....	14.....32 25
7.....	1366.....	22.....	17.....37 48
8.....	1533.....	24.....	14.....41 12
9.....	1602.....	27.....	10 O.S.....44 19
10.....	1698.....	Nov. 8.....	17 N.S.....47 21
11.....	1799.....	11.....	21.....50 2
12.....	1832.....	12.....	16.....50 49
13.....	1833.....	12.....	22.....50 49
14.....	1866.....	13.....	13.....51 28

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Humboldt's *Cosmos*, loc. cit. notes, p. xxiv.

<sup>2</sup> Reprinted, *Monthly Notes R.A.S.*, vol. lvii. n. 5, March, 1897.



It will be noticed at a glance that the date at which the phenomenon recurs has advanced from October 12th, old style, to November 13th, new style, the greatest jump, that recorded in the seventeenth century, having been due in great measure to the adoption of the Gregorian revision of the calendar. The last column of figures needs some further explanation, for the sake of a possible unscientific reader. It records the earth's longitude at the date when it met the swarm of meteors in the several stated years, and therefore the place where the path of the meteors cut the path of the earth in their respective journeys round the sun. All celestial longitudes are measured along the ecliptic, or path of the earth round the sun, and they are reckoned eastwards from the equinox as a point of reference. The direction of the earth's motion round the sun is in the sense opposite to the motion of the hands of a clock. As the star shower in the course of the nine hundred and sixty-four years during which it had been recorded met the earth at a later date at each successive return, the earth was consequently further and further removed from its zero, or reference-point of longitude. In the table calculated by Professor Newton, the progressive change of longitude is very noticeable, and he found that the node, or meeting-point of the two orbits of star shower and earth, has an easterly motion of  $102.6''$  of arc with regard to the equinox. But the equinox itself, as is well known, suffers "precession," as it is called, and itself moves back along the ecliptic; a consequence of the attractions of the sun and moon upon the ring of matter at the earth's equator which projects above the true sphere. The value of the "precession" is  $50.2''$  of arc annually, so that relatively to the fixed stars, the node of the orbit of the meteors has an average annual motion to the east of  $52.4''$ ; that is, every year the meeting-point advances with direct motion among the stars.

From these data Professor Newton arrived at five possible orbits for the star shower, with periodic times of either 180 days, 185.4 days, 354.6 days, 376.6 days, or finally  $33\frac{1}{4}$  years. He knew that they moved in an elliptical path round the sun, but whether that ellipse were of comparatively small dimensions, or whether it was the mighty ellipse, corresponding to a periodic return to the earth's path from almost the confines of the solar system every  $33\frac{1}{4}$  years, he could not tell. The meteors must move in one of the five indicated paths, for they sufficiently explained all the observed facts, to the exclusion of any other

hypothesis. Professor Newton, too, pointed out, that the problem as to which periodic time was the true one, admitted of solution by a method which involved the application of the highest mathematics, and would entail most difficult calculations.

But there could be but few problems in mathematical astronomy that were beyond the genius of the late Professor J. C. Adams, whose brilliant achievement when quite a young man in what was practically the discovery of a new member of the solar system, the planet Neptune, by means of mathematics, had placed him in the very first rank of mathematical astronomers. Shortly after the shower of November meteors which took place in the year 1866 he undertook the problem, and published his solution in the remarkable paper already alluded to. From the observations of the "radiant" point that had been obtained by himself in 1866, and the data as to the shifting of the "node" or meeting-point of earth and meteors so patently exhibited in Professor Newton's table, he first calculated the orbit or path of the stream, on the supposition that the period in which it accomplished its revolution around the sun was that of 354.6 days, a value which Professor Newton considered the most probable. Such an orbit would subject the cloud of meteoric particles to perturbations by the planets Venus, Earth, and Jupiter. The action of these planets would cause a shift in the node of only 21" annually, which is far below the value 52".4 which resulted from Professor Newton's investigations on the subject. Hence this periodic time must be rejected, entailing the rejection, too, of the three others of 180, 185, and 377 days.

It only remained to examine the hypothetical period of  $33\frac{1}{4}$  years. The orbit corresponding to this periodic time would be affected by perturbations induced by the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus. Professor Adams found that, in a period of  $33\frac{1}{4}$  years, Jupiter's action would shift the longitude of the node 20', Saturn would cause an additional shift of 7', while the distant Uranus would account for another 1'. Hence from the calculations it appeared, that in the period supposed as the true one, the node would advance in longitude by 28' of arc. But, from the observations collected in Newton's table, the actual shift of the node is 29' of arc. As Adams stated in his paper: "This remarkable accordance between the results of theory and observation appears to me to leave no doubt as to the correctness of the period of 33.25 years." It was indeed a veritable triumph of calculation.

Professor Adams also gave all the elements required to follow the path of the meteor stream in space. From these it appears that the stream moves once round the sun in a period of  $33\frac{1}{4}$  years, on an elongated elliptical path which cuts the paths of both the Earth and the planet Uranus, its mean distance from the sun being more than ten times that of the earth from the central luminary. The meteors are not evenly distributed around this immense ellipse, but are more or less concentrated in a shoal, with a width of about 100,000 miles, and of such a length that, although when they are nearest to the sun they are moving at a rate of about 26 miles a second, the mighty procession takes more than two years to pass any particular point. This is why the Earth meets them in at least two successive years when, in its journey round the sun, it arrives at the point where the orbits intersect, some time about November 15th, while it may continue to meet the stragglers for another couple of years. The densest part of the stream is met every  $33\frac{1}{4}$  years, and should the continent of Europe be on the side of the earth which is in front when it makes its plunge into the stream, the shower will be most effective as a display in the countries of the Old World. An apt illustration of the relative sizes of the paths of the meteor stream and the earth may be borrowed from a paper by Dr. Johnstone Stoney.<sup>1</sup> He bids us to draw in imagination an ellipse on a good-sized hall door some seven feet in height. A scale of  $\frac{1}{25}$ th of an inch to a million miles would approximately represent the length of the immense path of the meteors. On the same scale the earth's orbit would be likened to a breakfast-plate, while a thread of thinnest silk winding around the great ellipse some two feet in length would represent the dimensions of the meteor stream. On the same scale the earth would be so small that we should need a powerful microscope with which to see it, while the individual meteors would be entirely beyond the power of vision, however aided by optical devices. And yet, when we meet the procession a second time, the head of the stream is off near Jupiter, nearly five hundred million miles away. In another paper, written in conjunction with Dr. A. M. W. Downing, the Superintendent of the *Nautical Almanac* Office, on "The Perturbations of the Leonids,"<sup>2</sup> the authors discriminate between ortho-Leonids, or those meteors of the stream

<sup>1</sup> "The Orbit of the Leonid Meteor Stream," *Nature*, March 23, 1899.

<sup>2</sup> *Proceedings R.S.*, v. lxiv. n. 410, pp. 403, seq.

which are travelling round the sun in nearly identical orbits, and clino-Leonids, which pursue courses differing in a considerable degree from the path of the ortho-Leonids. That they do so, is due to the perturbing and disintegrating action of the planets upon individual meteorites, which varies for different members of the stream. We shall have occasion to return to this point. The authors describe the two kinds of Leonids in the following words: "The ortho-Leonids at present form a compact stream of such a length that it takes nearly three years to pass each point of its orbit, and so narrow that when the earth passes obliquely through it the transit occupies only some five or six hours; whereas the clino-Leonids form a less dense and wider stream, which has spread itself the whole way round the ring, and which produces in every November, when the earth passes through it, a feeble meteoric shower that lasts for several days."

Professor Adams having determined the path of the meteoric stream in its course round the sun, the subject was taken up by his no less illustrious contemporary Leverrier, who has advanced a most ingenious speculation with regard to the time when the stream was introduced into the solar system. We have seen that, owing to the perturbations of the planets, the node of the orbit of the stream is continually and progressively altering its position. Moreover, that besides intersecting the orbit of the earth, it also cuts that of Uranus. At this part of their orbit, removed some eighteen hundred millions of miles from the sun, the velocity of the meteors in their journey round the sun, according to Kepler's law, is vastly reduced, being little more than a mile a second. Leverrier found that, in the year 126 A.D., about the end of February, the meteors must have passed so close to the planet as to have almost grazed his surface, for the planet happened to be at the crossing-point of their respective orbits to meet the meteor stream. Such an encounter has not happened since, and is unique in the history of the stream. Moreover, it is almost certain that the stream did not always belong to our system, but is of comparatively recent introduction. The mere fact that it exists in a more or less compact mass is evidence of this, for had the stream belonged to our system for any length of time, reckoning astronomically, the action of the planets would have pulled it to pieces and distributed it more or less evenly around its orbit. These facts led Leverrier to advance the speculation

that the date when the stream was introduced into our system was about the end of February or the beginning of March, A.D. 126, and that they were then bodily captured and chained to our solar family by the action of the planet Uranus. Their condition up to that time was in all probability that of a compact mass, of a globular form, of particles, which in their wanderings through space had come under the spell of the attraction of our central sun. Ere this they had perchance come within the sphere of influence of many another sun of the sidereal universe, had performed a journey round him, but had whisked in and out, not on the closed path of an ellipse, but on the arms of an open curve, such as a parabola. They had intended to pay their respects to our sun also, but as they entered our system they encountered Uranus. His action was sufficient to pull them backwards and inwards, and to close the curve on which they were travelling, so that, instead of leaving the system, after being pulled round the sun, and journeying back into the realms of space, they were compelled to turn again and again upon an elliptic path round the central luminary. And as they first came to meet Uranus, some were nearer to the planet and some were more remote, and hence, according to the law of attraction, they were launched into our system upon paths slightly differing one from the other. It is true that they exert mutual attractions among themselves, which would be sufficient to keep them in their compact globular form were they still in independence in the unfathomable depths of space. But Uranus pulls them, and Saturn pulls them, and, most of all, the giant planet Jupiter pulls them. Many, again, are deflected from their paths when they encounter the Earth in the grand display of every  $33\frac{1}{4}$  years. Their mutual attractions are insufficient to resist such a strain; they part reluctantly one from the other, and, instead of a globe of particles, they become a stream moving on parallel paths, but strictly according to Kepler's laws, round the sun. For there are the same laws for the mighty and the lowly, the great and the small, without any exceptions, in the solar system. Even on a bicycle track the nearer path is a position of advantage, and were a party of racers to start together, and keep exactly the same pace as they careered round the ring, they would at length be drawn out into a line. Something analogous happens to the meteors, and owing to the pulls of the planets placing now one and now another in a position of advantage, they will inevitably be

scattered into a ring of particles embracing the whole extent of their orbit. There are at present ortho-Leonids and clino-Leonids. In future ages the ortho-Leonids will all have joined the second, at present less numerous class. In those days, every November the earth will encounter some members of the stream, and there will be a shower of shooting-stars, but it will be a mere reflection of its present magnificence and glory. The process above described has already happened to the meteors which radiate seemingly from the constellation Perseus, and which we meet every August, the meteors which are called "St. Laurence's tears" in the language of the people.

Can Leverrier's brilliant hypothesis be submitted to the test of observation? Not by ourselves but by those who come after us, by instituting a comparison between our careful observations and those which they will be enabled to secure. Had our ancestors, in the seventeen centuries during which the stream has belonged in all likelihood to our planetary system, been capable of making exact observations of the positions of the radiant points in successive years, Leverrier's hypothesis could now either be verified or shown to be false. All that need be known is the rate at which the stream is lengthening out to determine when it first was submitted to the process.

There is another most interesting point for consideration with reference to this stream of meteors. In the year 1866, Signor Schiaparelli, Director of the Observatory of Milan, pointed out that the orbit of the August meteors was very similar to that of the comet discovered by Swift in 1862, the orbit of the comet having been calculated by Oppolzer. The paths of the comet and the meteor stream were almost identical. Early in the following year Leverrier presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris a theory as to the origin and nature of shooting-stars, in which he gave a determination of the orbit of the November meteors. Almost immediately Dr. Peters called attention to the fact that the orbit of the meteors corresponded nearly exactly with that, likewise calculated by Dr. Oppolzer, of a periodic comet discovered by Tempel in 1866. Schiaparelli, too, calculated an orbit for the meteor stream, and noticed the striking identity of the paths. Here then we have meteors following a comet with a common path round the sun. Yet a third case of association of comet and meteor stream in the same orbit has been discovered with regard to the Lyrids,

and a comet discovered by Thatcher in 1861. Yet more remarkable still, a comet re-discovered by Lieutenant Biela in 1826 has altogether disappeared, and in its place there has been substituted a stream of meteors which gave rise to the great showers of November 27, 1872, and 1885, which radiated from the constellation Andromeda. The connection is much too exact, and in four cases too, to be a mere coincidence. What may be the connection of the comets and the meteor streams is still an open question, but many astronomers would see in meteor streams but the debris and dust of comets. Certain it is that comets do break up, as is most beautifully shown in some photographs of recent comets obtained by Professor Barnard at the Lick Observatory. It may be hazarded then as a plausible speculation that the shower of meteors which we shall meet on November 16th next, was originally, before its introduction into our system by the planet Uranus, a fine comet.

The swarm has already begun to pass the meeting-point, and the meteors are rushing past it in their millions. Last year the vanguard of the mighty army was well observed in America. Professor Barnard indeed speaks of the display which he witnessed on the morning of November 15th last year as "the finest display of meteors I have yet seen." Several hundred shooting-stars were seen by this observer between midnight and daybreak, the maximum display being reached at a time corresponding to about 10 a.m. on November 15th, reckoning in Greenwich mean time.<sup>1</sup> Professor George C. Comstock, of the Washburn Observatory, Madison, considered the maximum to have taken place some two and a half hours earlier, when the meteors came at the rate of nearly one a minute.<sup>2</sup> The preliminary shower was also observed at Calcutta some twelve hours earlier. At Yale, Haward, Lick, and other places, photographs were also obtained of meteors as they darted through the sky, thus enabling very accurate determinations of the radiant point to be obtained. What photographers desire most of all, however, is to photograph the stream if possible in space before it encounters the earth, by means of the dim sunlight which the particles must necessarily reflect, and perchance in addition by light due to mutual collisions and impacts of members of the stream.

In their joint paper on the "Perturbations of the Leonids," before referred to, Dr. G. Johnstone Stoney and Dr. A. M. W.

<sup>1</sup> *Journal of the British Astronomical Association*, vol. ix. n. 3, p. 104.

<sup>2</sup> *The Astrophysical Journal*, vol. ix. n. i. January, 1899.



Downing have made an addition to Adams' calculations, of very great value. For the end which Professor Adams had in view, namely, the computation of the drift of the node of the meteoric orbit due to perturbations, it was sufficient to calculate the average or mean perturbation. We have seen the brilliant success which crowned his efforts. But in a long stream such as the Leonids, inequalities and irregularities in density must have been necessarily set up by planetary perturbation, hence, as the authors say, "the first step towards increasing our acquaintance with these and other kindred phenomena, as well as towards gaining a better insight into the past history of the swarm, is to aim first at securing a more intimate knowledge of the perturbations." For this purpose they calculated with the aid of their assistants the actual, and not the average, perturbations of a definite section of the stream over the whole of one revolution. This portion approached Saturn very nearly in April, 1870, and received a strong pull when they were near Jupiter in August, 1898. In fact the actual perturbation upon this segment of the stream has been more than three and a half times its average amount. From this has followed a lengthening of its periodic time. The conclusion of the authors is interesting. "At the epoch 1899, November 15, the longitude of the node will be  $53^{\circ} 41'7''$ , a position which the earth will reach in 1899, November 15*d. 18h.* (*i.e.*, 6 o'clock on the morning of November 16 in civil time). It is probable, therefore, that the middle of the shower of the present year (1899) will occur nearly at this time. . . ." The conclusion, however, rests upon two assumptions. "Both assumptions are probable, but unfortunately neither is certain; so that the prediction can only be offered with reservation. If the shower occurs at the time anticipated, it will be visible from both Europe and America." It would be well then for observers who wish to see the phenomena to be on the look out, not only on the early morning of November 16th next, but for two or three days previously. Last year the leaders of the stream were seen on the 15th. It need only be added that the constellation of the Lion, which contains in its sickle the radiant point of the swarm, rises in our latitudes about eleven o'clock at night. The moon, which is new at about half-past ten on November 3rd, will be nearing its full phase, and will to some extent pale the brilliancy of the spectacle. The weather, we may hope, will prove to be propitious.

## *A New Book on the Jesuits.*

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DURING the last few weeks the Society of Jesus has been the object, both in this country and abroad, of a storm of invective of almost unparalleled violence. To take only an example or two among many that have come before me. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has declared that "the Jesuits are a canker at the core of France," and that "the Pope is only a tool in their hands."<sup>1</sup> Mr. Conybeare is of opinion that "the Anarchists have after all more sense of justice and principle than the Jesuits."<sup>2</sup> And in a recent article in the *Saturday Review* the writer, a Rev. Mr. Hensley Henson, says with emphasis: "I can use no weaker word (than horror) to describe the mingled sentiment of fear and loathing which the Jesuits provoke."<sup>3</sup>

Every one is heartily sick of the Dreyfus<sup>4</sup> case, and, after the exhaustive and able reply to Mr. Conybeare already published in these pages, it would be dangerous for a less discreet pen to intervene. As it so happens it is easy, while keeping away from the topics upon which our French cousins are not a little sensitive, to find in another quarter a convenient illustration of the ignorance and futility which mark the anti-Jesuit campaign. My object is simply to point out how

<sup>1</sup> Reported in the *Daily News*, Sept. 11.

<sup>2</sup> *National Review*, Oct., p. 209.

<sup>3</sup> *Saturday Review*, Oct. 14, p. 48.

<sup>4</sup> One point of fact I may notice. Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, as reported in the *Daily News*, Sept. 11, declared to a vast audience in St. James's Hall that "all the scoundrels figuring in the Dreyfus case had been pupils of the Jesuits." And again: "The infamous wretches who figured in this vile business were all the product of Jesuit Colleges." Here is the answer. Out of some sixty-two French officers who took part in the Rennes court-martial either as judges or witnesses, inquiry shows that only seven, so far as can be ascertained, were old Jesuit pupils. Three of these seven appeared as witnesses for the defence, one, Commandant de Bréon, is generally supposed to have been one of the two judges who voted for an acquittal, and of the remaining three, one, General de Boisdeffre, had spent eight years at a *lycée* and only two as a pupil of the Jesuits. All the more conspicuous personages of the trial, Generals Mercier, Gonse, Zurlinden, Colonel Du Paty du Clam, &c., are as free from the taint of Jesuit training as Mr. Hugh Price Hughes himself.

entirely the English journalist considers himself absolved from all canons of criticism, from all weighing and sifting of evidence, the moment there is question of that popular bugbear, the Jesuits, or anything remotely affecting them.

A certain M. Hermann Müller has published not long since a work entitled, *Les Origines de la Compagnie de Jésus*.<sup>1</sup> It is not a large book, neither is it remarkable for any particular qualities of style or clearness of arrangement. The author makes great professions of moderation and impartiality, but it is hard to discover any trace of either quality outside the limits of the Preface. The old fables almost all reappear, and if the author in deference to the admissions even of the Society's keenest assailants allows, for instance, that the *Monita Secreta*, or Secret Instructions, is not a genuine document, it is only to draw the inference that there really did exist some other secret code of government, sedulously guarded and veiled in profoundest mystery, which had suggested to the ex-Jesuit Zaorowski the idea of the parody. With regard to this point, as to many similar defamatory charges which M. Müller makes against the Jesuits, it seems to me mere waste of time to enter into discussion. If a Jesuit, however, intimately acquainted with the spirit of the Order and its internal machinery, denies that this or that is contained in the Constitutions, or is thought or practised by his fellow-Religious, an adversary of M. Müller's temper will always reply that a Jesuit is free to "equivocate," *i.e.*, to lie, in defence of the secrets of the Society, and that he is bound to do and to say exactly what his Superiors may bid him. To allege documents or to appeal to the absence of documents on any moot point is equally fruitless. If the documents are there, and are favourable, M. Müller will declare that they have been written to order; if no incriminatory papers have been found, M. Müller is ready at once with the explanation that they have been cleverly made away with. It is easy for M. Müller to establish his theories upon such principles.

But while it seems to me to be labour thrown away to enter into serious discussion with an antagonist of this sort, it is an easy task to show his ignorance of the very elements of the subject which he professes to treat. The contrast of this utter incompetence of the writer with the laudatory and respectful tone of his English reviewers affords me just the sort of illustration I am in search of.

<sup>1</sup> Paris: Fischbacher, 1898.

M. Müller's book was reviewed in *Literature* for July 8th. It is, according to that journal, "a work of more than usual interest." The author is a man "of manifest impartiality and soberness of statement." Regarding M. Müller's peculiar, not to say insane, idea that St. Ignatius borrowed the leading features of the interior organization of the Society from Moslem sources, the reviewer remarks :

From this view of Ignatius the author leads us to accept what he says about the origin of the Constitution. M. Müller allows the Jesuits to be right in saying that Manresa is the cradle of the Society, not on account of visions and revelations for which there is no authority except that of "our first Fathers" to whom Ignatius never spoke on the subject, but because at Manresa is most likely to be found the explanation of the extraordinary likeness which exists between certain fundamental ideas of the Jesuit Society and those of some Moslem religious bodies then in Spain. Other writers, it is true, have remarked this likeness ; but no one, as far as we know, has gone so deeply into the subject as the present author, who succeeds in putting beyond doubt the fact that Ignatius borrowed the leading ideas of his Society from Moslem sources. It is worthy of notice that the opposition of Popes and others, was directed against these borrowed ideas.<sup>1</sup>

To that point I shall hope to return, but I wish first of all to call attention to another feature. In a notice of the same book, more guarded indeed, but still substantially favourable, which appeared in the *English Historical Review* for July, the account given of Loyola's early life in chapter i. is specially selected for commendation. The feature which will probably most attract the reader's attention in that chapter is the question of the visions and revelations of the Saint. According to M. Müller, this atmosphere of myth was purely the creation of his later biographers. St. Ignatius *never*, the italics are M. Müller's, spoke of these visions himself. All such supernatural manifestations rest upon the vague and unsatisfactory declarations of *nos premiers pères* and *personnes dignes de foi*. What is more, M. Müller even knows why it was that Laynez and Ribadeneira, after the Saint's death, invented the whole story of these celestial favours. They feared, it appears, that the Moorish origin of the distinctive features of the Society would become known, and that the whole Institute would fall under the ban of the Inquisition. Accordingly, with great craft, they made it appear that the conception of the Society and of the

<sup>1</sup> *Literature*, July 8, 1899.

Exercises had been supernaturally revealed to Ignatius in a series of visions during his sojourn at Manresa. He himself had never breathed a word on the subject, but Laynez made himself guarantee for all these heavenly portents.<sup>1</sup>

It will be seen then that this supposed silence of the Saint is not a mere accidental feature ; taken in conjunction with the theory of the Moorish origin of the Constitutions, it forms the very backbone and *raison d'être* of M. Müller's volume. Hence the review I have already quoted from very naturally gives it prominence, and, with a fine disdain for the purblind Jesuit historians who had waited in darkness all these centuries until M. Müller wrote a little book to set them right, it "draws attention to the fact that Jesuit writers, knowing nothing about the early years of their founder and the beginnings of their Society, have had recourse to the wonderful. The later history of Ribadeneira teems with miraculous episodes which are entirely wanting in the earlier history."

For mere audacity of assertion this would be hard to beat. In point of fact, the whole series of marvellous events to which M. Müller and his reviewer are referring rest upon the formal statement of no less an authority than the Saint himself. It is quite true that Ignatius never spoke of such things in his ordinary intercourse with his companions. It was with the greatest difficulty that they induced him to say anything of the history of his early life. But overcome by their importunities, and after repeated delays, he did in the year 1553, under circumstances recorded for us in the minutest detail, dictate to Father Louis Gonzalez an account of his early life which practically amounts to an autobiography, though worded throughout in the third person. It is the foundation of all subsequent lives of the Saint ; it is printed in the very first place among their materials by the Bollandists. The manuscript containing it still exists in Rome, and its authenticity, of which there has never been question, is confirmed by all sorts of contemporary evidence.<sup>2</sup>

M. Müller, speaking of the visions at Manresa, remarks : "The proofs upon which such extraordinary occurrences should rest are almost entirely lacking. Ignatius, by the avowal of his

<sup>1</sup> *Les Origines de la C. de J.*, pp. 140—142.

<sup>2</sup> For instance, there is the *Life of St. Ignatius*, by Father Polanco, recently printed in the *Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu* from Polanco's own autograph. Its earlier portion is hardly more than a paraphrase of the autobiography.

most devoted biographers, never entered into conversation with any one concerning his residence at Manresa, and the Divine secrets which were there made known to him."<sup>1</sup> And this when not less than six folio columns of the autobiography are taken up with the events which occurred at Manresa, amongst which the supernatural manifestations occupy the most conspicuous place. M. Müller waxes highly satirical over the abundance of details with which the later biographers "relatent ces visions dont ils ne savent rien," and he has recourse to italics to emphasize his scorn at being told that one vision occurred "*upon the flight of steps leading up to the Dominican church*," that another was seen by the Saint "*in a wonderful flood of light*," that a third was a "*purely intellectual vision*, and made manifest the secrets of the Divine Essence." I am not in the least bit concerned here, nor is M. Müller concerned, with the reality of these manifestations. Let it be supposed, if he so prefers it, that they were all the hallucinations of an over-excited brain. But the point is that they were not invented by later biographers. They depend in all their details upon the narrative of the Saint himself. If we examine that narrative as printed by the Bollandists,<sup>2</sup> we find the words *in gradibus ejusdem monasterii*, and all the other phrases that M. Müller objects to. What is more, this estimate of the importance of the autobiography is not confined to Jesuit writers. Every non-Catholic who has made any serious attempt to study the life of Ignatius Loyola, assigns to this document, like the Bollandists, the very first place among the materials. In the short sketch of the foundation of the Jesuit Order included in the *History of the Popes*, Professor Leopold von Ranke cites it repeatedly, quoting, as it chances, some of the very expressions which M. Müller, in blissful ignorance, ridicules as invented by Ribadeneira. Similar value is attached to it by Döllinger and Reusch,<sup>3</sup> and by the Bonn Professor, Dr. Gothein, in his recent *Ignatius von Loyola und die Gegenreformation*.

It may seem that I am making much of a very small matter, and certainly the ignorant blunders of a writer of the calibre of M. Müller are an affair of very little consequence to the Society of Jesus at large. But my point is this. Is there any other

<sup>1</sup> *Origines*, p. 17.

<sup>2</sup> Their title runs, *Acta antiquissima a P. Ludovico Consalvo, S.J., ex ore sancti excepta et a P. H. Codretto, S.J., in Latinum conversa. Acta Sanctorum*, July, vol. vii. p. 651.

<sup>3</sup> See the *Selbstbiographie des Cardinals Bellarminus*, p. 335.

institution, excepting perhaps Judaism, about which a charlatan could write a book ignoring the very elements of the subject, and yet pass undetected in our leading reviews as though he were the pioneer in a new and brilliant field of research. What should we think of a man who published a pretentious monograph upon Luther's character and aims, and who betrayed on every page that he had neither read nor even heard of the *Table Talk*? Or what sort of reception would be accorded to an essay on the mysticism of John Bunyan, by a writer who showed himself unacquainted with the *Grace Abounding*? If a book dealing with Buddhism or Quakerism or even Mormonism is sent to a literary journal, it will, save in rare instances, be handed to some critic who knows at least the external bibliography of the subject. But a book about Jesuitism any schoolboy is held competent to criticize, and there is no theory so absurd, no charge so outrageous, that it will not be seriously discussed and welcomed as a discovery.

And now let a brief word be said on M. Müller's<sup>1</sup> great thesis that the founder of the Society of Jesus drew his inspiration from Moslem sources. To any one at all intimately acquainted with the spirit of the Saint, who knows, for instance, his views with regard to teachers ever so slightly under suspicion of heresy, like Savonarola, and Erasmus, or who has read his own account of his interview with the Saracen, the idea will seem ludicrous to an absurdity. Not less absurd are the arguments by which the author endeavours to support it, though unfortunately it is only those who are acquainted from personal experience with the Spiritual Exercises and the Institute of the Society, who will appreciate how utterly trivial and misleading are the resemblances on which he fixes. He even urges such a point as this, that as the Moslem ascetic lays stress upon the numbering of rules and formularies,

<sup>1</sup> I have touched upon one example only of M. Müller's ignorance. Almost every page reveals a dozen others. For a man writing upon the germs and early developments of an institution like the Society of Jesus, if anything came next in importance to the autobiography of the founder, it would be the textual history of the *Constitutions*. M. Müller has never seen the Spanish text. He declares positively that it has never been printed. This is wholly untrue, it has twice been printed, and the second time in a most scholarly critical edition (1892). Again, M. Müller mentions the book of spiritual lights received by St. Ignatius while writing the *Constitutions*, but only to try to show, from what he takes to be contradictions in the different accounts, that such a book never existed. The book, or rather the surviving cahier of a set of books, most of which the Saint himself destroyed, is still in existence, and has been more than once printed, both in the original Spanish and in translations, e.g., by Nolarci.



*e.g.*, four degrees of Divine Love, seven marks of true repentance, seven rules for the interpretation of visions and dreams, &c., so St. Ignatius in his Exercises counts three methods of prayer, three degrees of humility, four rules for distributing alms, six rules for scruples, &c. Surely, M. Müller must be hard up for proofs when he presses this into the service. Has there ever been a body of men that do not number their rules, or classify their standards of proficiency. Are we all breathing a Moslem atmosphere because we speak of four cardinal virtues, of eight beatitudes, of seven deadly sins, and the rest? Let me confine myself then to the first of the four lines of resemblance which M. Müller traces between the *sufism* of the Mahometans and the religious discipline of the Jesuits. Our author professes to be profoundly struck by the absolutism of the two systems. In each an implicit obedience is to be rendered to one supreme head, and in each the degree of that obedience is expressed by the most abject metaphors of annihilation and self-abasement. M. Müller accordingly prints in parallel columns, as his trump card, a statement of the doctrine of obedience as practised by Moslem ascetics, and as enjoined in the Rule of the Society of Jesus, which I here reproduce :

*Mussulman Texts.*

"Thou shalt be in the hands of thy Sheik, like the corpse in the hands of him who washes the dead."—*Book of Authorities*, by the Sheik Si-Snoussi, translated by M. Colas.

"The brothers shall obey their Sheik passively and instantaneously, they shall be in his hands, like the corpse in the hands of him who washes the dead."—Last recommendations, dictated by the Sheik Mouley-Ali-el-Djemal, founder of the Congregation of the Derqaoua, branch of the Chadelya.

"Obey thy Sheik in all that he commands, for it is God Himself

*Maxims of Loyola.*

"Let those who live under obedience allow themselves to be led and guided by the will of their Superior, like the corpse which permits itself to be turned and moved in any direction."—*Constitutions of the Society of Jesus*, part 6, ch. 1.

"I must place myself in the hands of God, and of the Superior who rules me in His Name, like a corpse which has neither intelligence nor will, like a stick in the hands of an old man."—Last recommendations dictated by Ignatius a few days before his death, as "his spiritual will." (Bartoli, ii. p. 334.)

"The means of submitting the understanding, is by reflecting that

who commands by his voice; to disobey him is to incur the anger of God. Forget not that thou art his slave, and that thou ought to do nothing without his order."—*Presents of the Lord*, Rule of the Rahmania.

all which is ordered by the Superior is the command and will of God. . . . It is necessary that he who depends on another, shall be a docile and obedient servant, in order that the virtue of him who commands, may pass to him who obeys, and fill him with its influence."—Letter of Ignatius to the Portuguese Jesuits on Obedience.

It would be easy to dwell upon many points in this comparison. In a footnote to a passage immediately preceding those quoted, M. Müller happens to cite the work of M. Louis Rinn, *Marabouts et Khouan*, but without giving the page. A closer examination of M. Rinn's book makes this reticence intelligible. M. Müller, who might at first blush be supposed to have gathered these fragments of Oriental lore from the original authors themselves, proves on inspection to have borrowed them as they stand from M. Rinn, with the addition of some misprints and blunders of his own. Again, though he does not tell us so, we may learn from the information furnished by M. Rinn, that these books of Mohammedan mysticism are all of modern date, not indeed a century old in the texts which are here translated. Si-Snoussi died in 1859, Mouley in 1823, and the last document seems to have been drawn up in 1793. How far they embody the older precepts of *sufism* is entirely problematical. Indeed, as a reviewer of M. Müller's work in Harnack's *Theologische Literaturzeitung*<sup>1</sup> has pointed out, the whole of this ascetic organization, especially amongst the Mohammedans of Algiers, from which source all the quotations are taken, is quite a modern development. The author's references and his pretence of research are really little better than a gross imposition. If there be any such identity of thought as to be incapable of explanation save by conscious imitation on one side or the other, it is far more possible and probable that the Arabs have borrowed from St. Ignatius than St. Ignatius from the Arabs. But after all, this annihilation of the will of the subject in obedience has been, and always must be, the very foundation-stone of the cenobitical life. Never was it carried to more extreme lengths than among the monks of

<sup>1</sup> For 1899, No. 10, pp. 310, 311.

the Desert (as we may read in Cassian, or the *Vitæ Patrum* of Rosweyde) who flourished in Upper Egypt for centuries before Mahomet was born. If there is any need to postulate a common origin for Christian and Mohammedan asceticism, we have a probable explanation in the wide-spread renown of the monks of North-East Africa, from whom many ideas passed to the West and possibly also to the Arabs. But, be this as it may, it is certain that the introduction of the corpse as a figure of obedience, which alone gives point to the expressions confronting each other above, was much older than the time of St. Ignatius, and was even more familiar to the founder of the Friars Minor, and his disciple, St. Bonaventure, than it was to the founder of the Jesuits.

A single quotation from the *Speculum Perfectionis* which M. Paul Sabatier considers to embody the most ancient legend of St. Francis of Assisi and to have been composed by Brother Leo, is sufficient to bring the whole of M. Müller's edifice of theory tumbling down like a pack of cards.

It happened on a time that in the presence of the brethren, he [St. Francis] heaved a sigh, and exclaimed: "Hardly in all the world will you find one Religious who renders proper obedience to his Superior."

Thereupon his brethren said to him: "Tell us, Father, what is the perfect and the highest obedience." And he making answer, depicted the true and perfectly obedient man under the figure of a corpse, in this wise: "Take a lifeless body and place it wherever you please, you will see that it does not resent being shifted, nor stirreth not from where it is placed, nor complaineth when it is dispossessed. If it be settled high upon a throne, it looketh not upward but downward. If it be laid upon purple, it groweth twice as pale as before. This then is the true religious man, who thinketh not why he should be moved, who careth not where he be stationed, and importuneth not to get himself changed. If he be advanced to a charge he preserves the same humility as formerly. The more he is honoured, the more he accounts himself unworthy."<sup>1</sup>

All this had been written down in the north of Italy, far from Moslem influences, more than two hundred years before the birth of St. Ignatius, and it had become the commonplace of the whole Franciscan Order.

Again, the following passage from a most anti-Jesuitical book may be accepted without suspicion, and for once fairly expresses the truth:

<sup>1</sup> *Speculum Perfectionis*, Edit. Sabatier, p. 84.

This obedience is the very basis of the Order of the Jesuits. We do not indeed mean to say that it is peculiar to the Society. On the contrary, since the days of Benedict of Nursia, absolute obedience is stated to be the principal object of the fraternities. The strongest expressions, which seem almost hyperbolic, have been employed to represent it. St. Basil, the Father of the Monastic Orders, told his members that they must be in the hands of their Superiors as the axe in the hand of the woodman. The monks of the Chartreuse are told that they must sacrifice their will as sheep led to the slaughter. The Carmelites are told that resistance to the order of a Superior is a mortal sin. St. Bonaventure tells us that a man perfectly obedient, resembles a dead body which is moved without any resistance.<sup>1</sup>

If, I repeat, I have dwelt upon so slight a grievance as the reception accorded to a worthless book like that of M. Müller, it is not that one attaches importance to the book itself, but the very existence of such a work is a curious proof of the immunity from criticism which such productions commonly enjoy. No wonder anti-Jesuit themes are popular with young writers. There are, it seems, good welcome, cheap renown, and handsome returns to be won by every scribbler who will join in the popular outcry against the Society of Jesus and all its works.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> Pennington, *Counter Reformation*, pp. 59, 60. As a matter of fact, the whole of this passage is shamefully plagiarized from Philippon, *Les Origines du Catholicisme Moderne*.

## *Otherwhere.*

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### CHAPTER XX.

IT was morning when the yacht approached the Duke's landing-place. A fog hung over the sea, but landward all was bright sunshine. Fyné's message had prepared the Duke for their arrival, and the guns they fired from time to time gave immediate notice of their approach, so the Duke was on the spot ere they landed with carriages to convey his friends and their followers to the castle. The scene presented was far different from what it had been on former occasions. The plateau was now, in a great degree, covered by tents and military stores; as war was in immediate prospect, now indeed, as it seemed, but a matter of a few days, a great part of the available force of the dukedom was massed around the fortress.

Breakfast was laid in the great hall, not in the smaller apartment commonly used for that purpose, for the weather was intensely hot, and the hall with its open timber roof and large windows was the most airy room the castle contained. The great portals stood wide open, for every breath of air was longed for, and servants were passing to and fro attending on the new arrivals. There was much news for the Duke to hear, and there could now be no need for secrecy, so they lingered long over their repast, chatting of the events that had occurred during their stay at Kara. It need hardly be said that Eklis had been carried off with the guests. In the present state of violent party conflict in the councils of the Empire, it would have been highly imprudent for his own sake to have left him behind.

He had explained, as far as he knew the details, what was the state of military preparation at Kara, and Sessos was in the midst of an account of the Princess Fyné's arrangements for the abrupt departure of her guests, when he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and looking round beheld his brother, the King of Naverac, by his side.

"In the name of all that is wonderful, how have you come here, Hulon," he exclaimed in wonder.

"I have not dropped from the clouds, neither have I burrowed through a hole in the mountains," the King replied; "but taken the natural, though more prosaic way, of availing myself of a steamer."

At any time the Duke would have been much pleased to see his friend. He was now especially delighted, as it flashed through his mind that Hulon's sudden and unannounced appearance was due to a desire to give him assistance.

"I have come," the King said, "for two very good reasons. In the first place, the Duchess tells me you are about to have a row with those people at Kara, and I think I may be of some help to you, and secondly, because I want to catch this runaway brother of mine. His namesake Sessos, the Navigator, came somewhere into these parts and was never heard of more. We have been weeping for his untimely end for a hundred and forty years, and now, a few days ago, the Duchess comes to Naverac, bringing with her two charming young ladies, great great grand-daughters of this wandering hero, who tell me that he married and settled in Avenka, a place only a pleasant morning's walk from here, as I understand. If I do not keep a sharp look-out after Sessos the second, all Naverac will have to turn on a double quantity of emotion, for I feel sure that it will never occur to him to put in an appearance in his brother's kingdom, any more than it does now to introduce me to his wife."

"You have not given me a chance yet," Sessos replied; "here she is. I think you would have recognized her by her likeness to Dymna."

The King stooped, and kissing his sister-in-law, continued, "Well, Klemenké, delighted as I am to make your acquaintance, I must lodge a protest against my not being invited to the wedding. I gather from what your cousins have told me that it was to be a magnificent affair—eighty-two feudatories present, were there not, to do you honour? I am sure this slight is quite sufficient ground for my declaring war on Queen Avené XIX."

"I hope it has been clearly explained to your Majesty that the political complications with Kara, in which the Duke is involved, rendered it quite impossible," Klemenké replied.

"Yes ; yes, of course it has ! You did quite right, but I will thank you to call me by my name, not your Majesty, for the future ; if you do so again, for the rest of my life I shall address you as your Royal Highness. Has that runaway brother of mine remembered to tell you that I am known as Hulon by my relations ?"

"It is all so like a dream," said the Duke, "that, though I have the young people beside me, I do not think I could trust my wits, if I had not a philosopher like Eklis at my elbow to tell me it is all true, and keep me in countenance—Eklis too, of all men in the world, who has always made me believe that everything beyond the barrier was snow-field and glacier."

"Ah, Eklis here too ! Among so many strange faces I did not observe you ; pray forgive me," said the King, shaking his old friend warmly by the hand. "And now, though I have had breakfast on board, I will have another after my walk ; but first just answer me one question : Has that old simpleton at Kara yet favoured you with a declaration of war ?"

"No, but I am expecting it every hour," replied the Duke.

"Then there is plenty of time for us, if Queen Avené does her part. I have lots to say, but first I want Klemenké and Sessos to tell me all about Kara. I hear from my ambassador that the dear Princess Fyné is throwing all her influence into the scale of peace."

"I am sure she is," said Klemenké. "Though I was not formally accredited by Avené to Kara as the Duchess is to Naverac, I was really ambassadress to the Princess, and I am sure she has done everything in her power—whatever faults she has, she would not try to deceive me."

"No ; no, I do not think she would," said the King ; "and now tell me, what impression has she made on you ? Coming as you do from what we may call another world, you will not be prejudiced."

"She is one of the most charming and wisest women I ever saw," said Klemenké. "It is impossible to see her intimately, as I have done, and not to become very much attached to her."

"So I think I should say too, if she had not got the very unpleasant habit of committing murder. She has committed crimes enough to hang half a dozen of my subjects in Naverac," said the King.

"So she has," replied Klemenké—who, having Britna by her side, desired, if possible, to hinder Hulon from introducing



subjects connected with martyrdom or slavery—"but I am compelled to judge her by what I know to be her feelings, not by acts to which she is driven by cruel circumstances."

"Very humane of you, and perhaps the safer method, but not the way she will be regarded in the future," said the King.

"Her rule is not over yet, many things may happen—great changes occur—and then, not to mention things of greater importance, we have personal reasons for feeling kindly towards her. She has saved us from what might have been a long and wearisome captivity," Klemenké replied.

"When; how? I am at present a stranger and know nothing," exclaimed Hulon.

Klemenké and Sessos conveyed to the King what had recently taken place at Kara, in as few words as possible.

"This is a most grave matter," he said. "I think when your Queen knows of it, she will agree with me that such an outrage is of itself a ground for very serious measures."

"I am quite sure she will. We are on our way to Avenka now. When we arrive there Avené will at once be informed of this, and other things far more serious. Will you not go with us?" Klemenké said; and then turning to Sessos, she inquired if he had sent Renos through the cave to order carriages.

"Such a thing is quite needless now," said the Duke; "while you have been away the Queen has had a telephone laid through the cave, so we now communicate whenever we wish. Tell me when you want to go, and I will send a message at once."

"Wait a short time. I have something more to add which may not be quite without interest. I have brought along with me a good part of my fleet, and also the Duchess, our two Avenka friends, and my sister Dymna. I imagine that they are at the landing-place now. The Duchess could not bear to be so far away from you when war was in the air, and Dymna was anxious to see Klemenké. The only persons left behind are your little boy, and the two ladies of the Duchess who have remained to look after him."

"I will order carriages and go down to the pier at once," the Duke said.

"Had we not better walk and let the carriages follow? We shall be there the sooner," said the King. "The ladies had better stay here. It is very hot in the sun."

"I will walk with you," Klemenké said. "I must not shrink from a little sunshine when I may be campaigning in a week."

So the four strolled downwards to the sea-margin, chatting pleasantly. For the present it was obvious that the King was desirous to put off discussing war-prospects, and when the subject was mentioned by others to treat it lightly. He was anxious to visit Avenka before he committed himself.

"How I may like the Avenka folk when I know them I cannot tell," he said to Klemenké, "but assuredly some person there has at least one element of greatness: that is a sense of the humorous. Nothing ever amused me more than your sister sending your two cousins as samples of what the Avenka women are like. It was a splendid notion, but how it ever entered any one's head I cannot divine."

"The idea was due to our cousin, the King of Renavra," she replied. "Neither Avené nor I can claim any credit for it, beyond seeing its merits when proposed."

"I am glad you really like Fyné. She is a great favourite of mine," said the King, recurring to what they had spoken of before; "but I think your husband was extremely rash in letting you go to Kara, and the Emperor's conduct fully confirms my opinion."

"We Avenka women are in the habit of acting on our own judgment. Avené wished me to go, and Sessos, who knows the place well, saw no danger. If I could have hindered a war it would have been worth incurring some risk. After all, our journey has been productive of good," Klemenké said.

"Certainly it has," continued Hulon. "It must convince not only your Queen and myself, but every one else that has emerged from savagery, that this imbecile Emperor is utterly unfit for rule. But there is another thing which interests me far more than the doings of this tyrant, now that you are safe. Who is the tall lady with the golden hair who was sitting by you when I entered the hall? Is she too a daughter of Avenka? She is the most lovely woman I ever saw."

"No, she is, or rather was, a Christian slave whom I rescued from martyrdom in the amphitheatre, and other unspeakable horrors. I only got possession of her a few days ago, but am already very, very fond of her; she is so refined, gentle, and good," said Klemenké.

"And does Fyné yet go on with these atrocities?" asked the King, with a gravity almost savage.

"Yes, yes and no. When she saw I was anxious to rescue poor Britna, she did all she could for her, or rather for me, but

now she sees the evil of her past actions, and has promised me never to consent to such wickedness again. I am sure she will keep her word—she has a very tender conscience,” Klemenké said.

“Tender conscience, indeed!” the King exclaimed, repeating her last words. “Surely, the woman, atheist though she be, does not require a Christian to come from a strange land to teach her that outrages such as these are unbearable. The Duke, the Duchess, and poor, dear Alé, are worshippers of these false gods, but they would no more stain themselves with crimes of this kind than you would. I see,” he continued, after a rather long pause, “that like every one else who comes in contact with Fyné, you are enchanted by her; but do tell me how it all happened. I could not have believed that any one could have rescued a slave from this tyrant when his fancy had been stimulated by the hope of inflicting torture. The thirst for blood acts on creatures of that kind as it is said to do on tigers, it renders them mad. Her great beauty too, would in such a being as he is, furnish an additional zest to the infliction of pain.”

“She has been horribly beaten, so cruelly and so often that she must soon have died. I do not believe I know one half my poor friend has gone through. She is very ill yet.”

“Klemenké will, I am sure, never let you know what occurred,” interposed Sessos. “It was by far the most horrible, and at the same time the very funniest, experience I ever had in my life. I will tell you all about it when we have a quarter of an hour to spare. I want the Duke to hear of it too, but I will not have Klemenké present, she will spoil the effect.”

“Your visit to Kara has not improved your character, Sessos,” his brother replied. “If you can already see fun in torturing slave-women, you may hope, with the assiduous care you always give to whatever you undertake, to develop qualities equally hateful with those of the great Emperor. But see, my flock have landed.”

The whole party drove to the castle. It was time for luncheon when they arrived; soon after they set out for Avenka. Before they departed the King said to the Duke, “From what the *samples* have told me, I conclude, I shall not want guards in Avenka, so I will send them to the fleet with orders to the Admiral to await my orders in the harbour. As the declaration of war has not arrived, I will write a telegram before I go, which you will send to the Emperor as soon as he comes—also one to my ambassador at his Court.”

## CHAPTER XXI.

WE must return to Alé, who still remains at Parena, under the care of the Queen Dowager. The conversation she had had with Klemenké had been fruitful, but not in happiness. It had stimulated her thoughts and they had been led in directions wherein aforetime they had never been accustomed to travel. Protected as she had been until quite recently, from most of those cares and anxieties which cast a shadow over the lives of so many of her sisters, she had grown up innocent and simple-minded, with deep feelings and ardent sympathies, such as almost always impelled her in a right direction; but she had never met with those who could draw out her nobler qualities or give her the kind of sympathy she longed for. Until she came in contact with Klemenké, she had always regarded herself as much weaker, and more dependent on others than she was in truth. Klemenké's last conversation with her was a bold endeavour to turn her thoughts in such a direction, that in the end she might arrive at peace.

The promise Alé had made to her friend, that she would ask the martyrs of Kara to help her, who was still in the agony of that terrible trial, was strictly carried out. Unbeliever she might be, but there was nothing inconsistent in her conduct, for there was a difference between the negative conclusions which Fyné had reached, and those accepted by Alé with little intellectual resistance almost with docility, from her exceedingly able instructress. It was a difference which might well have passed unnoticed by one who was an intimate friend of both, but the difference was none the less real or deep-seated. Since the time of early youth, until her interview with Klemenké, no doubts had ever crossed Fyné's mind as to the truth of any one of what she would have called her philosophical conclusions. On the other hand, Alé had permitted a series of unhappy paradoxes to replace the imperfect, and in many ways erroneous, opinions instilled into her mind in childhood. This had been done at the dictation of an intellect more highly cultivated, and a will in ordinary cases far stronger than her own. She had, however, never felt happy under their shadow, neither had she worked them out with precision; had she done so, it is not

improbable that she might have shrunk back in dismay from the precipice before her. Now that she found that these opinions were not only questioned, but directly contravened by her friend, Klemenké, one whose power of thought she felt to be quite equal to that of Fyné, she was once more on a wide and storm-tossed sea of difficulty and doubt. It occurred to her, too, with ever-increasing forcefulness, that if a moral test were applied, there could be no question as to whose theory of life was on the higher plane. Though there was so much to admire and even to love in Fyné, she had been again and again guilty of actions against which Alé's whole nature revolted, while the philosophy of Klemenké had the negative merit of being the companion of a noble life. It may seem to some of us illogical on Alé's part, but it was not unnatural for her to imagine that she saw a connection here between theory and practice. She found herself over and over again mentally asking the question: Would Fyné have done this or that act against which her conscience protested, had she held Klemenké's faith? and on the other hand, if the Avenka Princess had dwelt among the icy negations which formed the moral armour of Fyné, was it possible to believe, wise and powerful as she knew her friend to be, that kindly gentleness should have formed such marked feature of her character? Could she, for instance, imagine Fyné not only willing, but anxious that the wild man who had tried to take her life should escape punishment? Again and again it crossed Alé's mind that all such comparisons were foolish, that conduct in their cases, as in all others, depended not on beliefs, but on what she vaguely thought of as character; but as the days passed on the original ideas would come back to her with greater power, and they seemed without any exercise of her conscious will, to be arranging themselves in coherent order.

The house where the Dowager Queen lived was never called a palace; neither its exterior nor interior gave it any claim to such a title. It had been the residence of one of her forefathers, and when her husband died and her son Muro ascended the throne, she came to dwell at Parena. There were many reasons which made it an admirable residence for her. In the first place, it was high up among the hills, and therefore delightfully cool during the heats of summer. Then it was surrounded by rich grass land—meadow and pasture—so that she could indulge

without stint her taste for breeding horses and oxen ; she was within a pleasant morning's ride of Avenka, and the terminus of the Southern Railway was within a quarter of a mile of her doors, so that she could go to Renavra or receive her son and other friends from there at any moment she chose.

With the exception of the convent there was no other house near, except the abodes of her tenants—small graziers—and the labourers who served them. The Queen Dowager had a chapel and chaplain of her own, and we need not say that such was the case with the convent ; but the people were not uncared for. Their church was on the slope of the hill, a little lower than the point on which the house and the convent stood. When strolling in the gardens Alé had often seen it, and felt that it formed a picturesque object, standing as it did, embowered in trees, just at the end of one of the long alleys.

Alé, unlike Fyné, knew very little of the history of Christianity or of the practices of Christians. With the exception of the members of the royal house of Naverac, and those within the court circle whom she had encountered when staying there, she had never met on friendly terms any children of the Church. As we have before said, she had until quite lately held the notion that they professed Christianity for the same reasons as she and the Duke were worshippers of the great gods of Kara, because it was necessary for members of ruling houses to seem to receive the superstitions of their people. She had, it is true, now and then, seen and behaved kindly to the poor Christian folk who lived in the Duke's seaport. She regarded them as something like outcasts, worthy of all pity, but not in any way fit subjects for intellectual sympathy. Until she met Kfemenké, it had never occurred to her that the profession of Christianity among the upper classes could ever have any foundation higher than that of political expediency. To have told her that it could be a heart-felt conviction guiding the conduct and stimulating every good action in life, would have seemed to her an absurd dream, contrary to the experience of all cultured persons. This was a pardonable delusion on her part, for she had never been present at Christian worship, and had no idea what it was like. She had never been in a church except when present at Klemenké's marriage, and when Hulon and Dymna had on one occasion taken her to see the great Cathedral of Naverac. Then she contemplated it as a mere work of art, not appealing to any higher order of thoughts than those having relation to the delight

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given by form and colour. Neither at Avenka nor Parena had her friends, so thoughtful in all things else, ever drawn her attention to the faith of the people of the land whose hospitality she was enjoying.

One day, as Alé was wandering alone in the lower garden, she observed that the door of the village church was standing open. Curiosity led her to go inside. As our readers already know, she was very susceptible to the effects of architectural beauty. The church was a curious building, she had never seen anything of the same kind elsewhere. To one who could appreciate grace of form when not on an imposing scale, it had many points of interest. The structure was evidently ancient, much older than any of the buildings around. The columns were cylindrical and massive, but so stumpy, that she could almost touch their richly sculptured caps. Each one was different in detail from its brethren, but like burghers at a festival, there was striking harmony of contour among them. She spent some time in admiring these curious carvings, and made up her mind to come the next morning to sketch them, when her attention was drawn away to the eastern end, where she saw much that was new to her. She knew that the richly decorated object near the wall was an altar. Though it bore some likeness to similar objects she had seen in the temples of the false gods, its form and ornaments were so different, that she could in no way picture to herself the kind of rites to which it was devoted. She had not a doubt that the ornaments she saw, and the tiny burning lamp hanging from the roof, were symbolical, but how or of what she could not tell. She had not, heathen though she was, sunk into that darkness which believes a non-symbolic religion to be possible. The whole of what she saw left on her mind a favourable impression. All pointed in the direction of peace. There was none of that stress and struggle, none of those appeals to fierce passion which she had seen in the idol temples.

She turned away, remarking to herself that these simple villagers had shown far better taste than she could have expected, and wondering how much of it was due to the influence of royalty, when she was attracted to the northern aisle by the richly carved screen which cut it off from the body of the church. This aisle formed the chapel of a guild, of which nearly all the village peasants were members. Here, too, she found an altar, but it was almost entirely undecorated. Over



it hung a picture on which, the moment her eyes fell upon it, her attention became riveted. It was very different from anything she had seen, either in temples, galleries, or private dwellings. Though she had considerable artistic faculty, it never occurred to her to reflect whether the manipulation of the work was in itself excellent. It was the subject, not the execution which engrossed all her thoughts.

The picture contained two figures only. On the left was seated a woman of majestic beauty, and on her lap rested the dead and mangled body of her Son. Of the relationship there could be no doubt, their features were so alike,<sup>1</sup> although the Son was dead—martyred as she thought for some holy cause. The figure of a Cross stood gaunt and terrible in the near distance—the instrument of torture on which the dead had suffered, for on His hands and feet were the cruel wounds the nails had made. All was over as it seemed now, and the Mother was weeping over her murdered Child. Tears trickled down the forlorn Mother's wan cheeks, but in her agony she was calm. It was a sorrow the depths of which she could not fathom, but a sorrow where the wild agony of mere animal grief was mastered by some higher and nobler passion.

Beneath the picture were some words in a language she could not then read. They were: "Maiden and Mother, thou didst look upon Him with eyes full of tenderness, and there thou sawest not only that thy Son was smitten, but that the world was saved."<sup>2</sup>

She was sure the scene represented was one of cruel tortures ending in death, for as well as the terrible wounds in the hands and feet, the body was scarred with gashes from which the blood was still oozing. Yet the face of the Mother, though showing infinite love and tenderness for her stricken Son, bore no trace of anger.

The more Alé gazed on the picture, the more sure she became that the sufferer had died a holy death, and that the Mother, though in the depth of agony for her murdered Son, could not have wished the end to have been different. Had

<sup>1</sup> "Riguarda omai nella faccia, ch'a Cristo  
Piu s'assomiglia, ch'è la sua chiarezza  
Sola ti può disporre a veder Cristo."

(*Paradiso*, xxxii. 85—87.)

"Look now upon the face that most resembles Christ, for its brightness alone can dispose thee to behold Christ." (A. J. Butler's *Translation*, p. 413.)

<sup>2</sup> *Roman Breviary*, translated by the Marquis of Bute, vol. i. p. 422.

anger or even regret held place in her heart, the holy calm which shone through the depths of her maternal sorrow would have been flecked by lower passions of which the countenance bore no trace.

Alé was not self-conscious, she did not realize what she did, but following the instinct of her nature, sank on her knees and begged that other martyr, whose image was before her, to help the poor sufferer at Kara, who might even at that moment be in her last agony. How long she knelt she did not know. She was aroused so as to give attention to things around her by the entrance of a little boy and girl, who making the holy sign dropped on their knees, not far from her. At the moment how much she would have given to be like them. They knew all that the picture was meant to tell, while alas! she was ignorant. She did not like to pray in their company. It was, so it seemed to her, an injustice to those simple peasant souls, for her who had, as she persuaded herself, no sympathy with their devotion, to be mingling her prayers with theirs.

"Who was that pretty woman in the church?" inquired the little boy of his sister, as soon as they were in the open air.

"She is the poor unhappy lady who does not believe in God. She is staying with the Queen," replied the little girl, very gravely.

"She soon will do if she says her prayers. Let you and me pray for her when we go again," he said.

When Alé returned it was time for luncheon. She did not very often go out alone, and her friends were wondering what had become of her.

"I strolled into the south garden and went to look at the village church. What an interesting place it is, so old and curious," she said.

"Can you tell the age of our buildings by looking at them?" inquired the Queen, somewhat surprised.

"Yes," she replied, "in some measure. I have not wasted quite all my time since I have been here, and you have books about architecture."

The Queen was not only surprised, but pleased also. "I will test your acquirement," she said. "How old is it?"

"Nearly eight hundred, certainly seven hundred and fifty years," she replied.

"You are very nearly right; but it is so plain and simple, I should not have thought you would have cared for it. With us it is different. It forms a part of our history."

"I like these simple rustic buildings," she said. "It is so pleasant to think of the many generations of those who are gone who have prayed within those walls, with the same simple devotion as the two little children who came in and knelt down while I was there."

No one made any reply. The sentiment, so eminently Christian, not only in its words, but far more in the manner in which it was said, could not but be pleasing to her hearers, but all felt it more prudent not to pursue the subject further for the present. Though unaware of the struggle that was going on in Alé's breast, they became more and more certain that her feelings were all on the side of truth. They felt that it was in a great measure ignorance, perhaps indeed, ignorance alone, which kept her separate from the Church of God, and yet in the situation in which she and they were placed, it might be, for the present at least, perilous to endeavour to enlighten her.

Alé asked several more questions about the old church, but she never mentioned the picture which impressed her so deeply. Much as she would have liked to know the history of the scene it represented so vividly, she felt that for the present silence was the wiser course. Day by day she visited the picture, and prayed for her in whose fate she took so deep an interest. She never knelt there without recalling Klemenké's words, that if the negations she had accepted at Fyné's dictation were not false, those who suffered for what they deemed to be truth, had but chosen a tedious and acutely painful form of suicide. There was now not a shadow of anger remaining, but the horror with which this plain statement had at first inspired her was little, if at all, mitigated by time. She became more and more certain that however hopeless it might be for her to attain to it, there must be some means of arriving at certainty.

One afternoon, when she and her younger companions were exploring the mountain pathways which overhung the village, the King of Renavra came. He had seen Alé several times since their first meeting, and now his mother thought that he seemed disappointed by not finding her in her usual place.

"You are looking for Alé, I see," his mother said, with a smile.

"I did not know that you had gone in for thought-reading among other accomplishments," the son replied. "I was thinking of her, I confess. I am the bearer of a message from Avené," and then he continued in a grave tone, "It is so very

painful that a girl with every good and noble quality, should continue as she is—she loves Klemenké better than any one else in the world. I hope when my cousin has time to think of something else besides Kara, that she may call to mind that poor Alé is still a heathen."

"I do not think——" said the mother, and here the sentence was cut short by the entrance of Alé and her friends.

"I have just returned from Avenka, Lady Alé," the King said. "Before I left I suggested to the Queen that as war must be declared in a very few days now, and as we are sure you would like to see your brother once again ere we encounter the perils in prospect, that you had better ride over to Avenka to-morrow. She will send you through the cave the next morning, and you can return from thence in the evening and then come back here when you like. You will not care to stay long at Avenka; it is terribly hot there, and no one ever talks about anything except warfare."

Alé was much delighted by this unlooked-for chance of seeing her brother, and not a little flattered by the thoughtfulness of the King, who at a time when every moment was of importance could still think of her. The more she saw of him the more he supplied to her imagination a type of every manly excellence.

The Queen Dowager and the other ladies accompanied Alé. When they arrived at Avenka they were not a little surprised to find that Klemenké and her party had reached home and brought with them the party from over sea.

"The number of arrivals is somewhat overwhelming to the Queen," Klemenké said to Alé, when they were for a few moments alone. "We are all one family except yourself, Eklis, and a lady—a dear friend—who has come back with me. For political reasons, which I am sure you will enter into, Avené has arranged that we dine without you and your party. She has made arrangements for your occupying the Raven Chamber, which the King of Renavra claims as his own. He would surrender it to you, I am sure. I shall come and chat with you as soon as ever I can get away. I hope you are not offended at our arrangement. As the savage conduct of the Kara people to yourself was the foundation of the impending conflict, you can see that your presence might be a restraint on some who do not know you so well as I do."

"No, indeed!" said Alé. "It is a very great relief to me to

be out of a crowd and away from political conversation which I do not understand. I am so very glad to have seen the King of Naverac again. How very good it is of him to come to help my brother; but what a sad pity the King of Renavra left before he came."

"The King of Naverac has no thoughts of going away at present—not till the war is over, I imagine—so he will have plenty of time to cultivate the acquaintance of Muro, who, I believe, you think has superhuman capacity as a soldier, entirely because his armour takes your fancy. How dull and commonplace you would think him if he dressed like Sessos. But come with me upon the terrace, I want to introduce you to my friend Britna. She is, I see, in conversation with the King of Naverac. She has been ill and I have brought her here for change of air. Let me give you a word of caution; like yourself, she has been much exercised in her mind by the atrocities past and contemplated at Kara. Do not allude in her presence to these horrors," said Klemenké.

"Do tell me, dearest," Alé exclaimed, as they walked along. "Do tell me, is that poor creature yet alive? I have never forgotten the promise I made you."

"Yes, she is alive still; but it is impossible to talk to you about Kara now," said Kleménke, pressing her hand.

They joined the King and Britna and walked for some little time, chatting on the terrace. The King was expressing his admiration of the beautiful prospect of the city with its domes and towers as it lay stretched before them, when a servant brought a note from the Queen, which ran thus:

A message received from the Duke. War declared. Your messages despatched. I have telegraphed to the King of Renavra.

The ladies whom Alé and Britna alike knew were their companions on this evening. It was a very thoughtful arrangement on the part of Avené that Britna should be in comparative privacy on her first arrival. Until matters had been fully explained, for which as yet there had been no time, things of an embarrassing nature would certainly have been alluded to in her presence. This would probably have been so at any time, but now it was the very eve of war and everyone knew, though perhaps no one except Klemenké would have put it into words, that the desire for war which now possessed every soul in Avenka, was at least as much fanned by the cruelties of which

Kara had long been the centre as it was by the wrongs of the Duke and Lady Alé.

The rapid succession of changes which had occurred to Britna during the last few days had raised her spirits, but her health was still very feeble. Eklis, who watched her with all the care that he would have bestowed on some newly-discovered animal, was himself fairly puzzled. That she was refined and gentle he had known on unimpeachable authority, long ere he had ever spoken to her, but that she should be so perfectly at her ease among strangers, who however kindly disposed, still were strangers, was a phenomenon for which the man of science was at a loss to account. When she was in imminent danger of martyrdom, science was forgotten, and Eklis was only a Christian man, doing what he could to save from torture and death a devoted fellow-creature; but now all danger was over, the natural man was again in the ascendant, and he was puzzling his brain by a dozen theories, each one very imperfect, to account for what was quite contrary to his own very wide experience.

He had received a few hints from Klemenké, and therefore endeavoured to lead the conversation in the direction of the north. They talked of the Princess Fyné's hereditary territory of Norendos, and of Rhusla, Britna's home. Alé felt convinced that she was a Christian lady from that far-distant province, whom Klemenké had met with at the Court of Kara, and had induced to accompany her to her own home. Eklis showed a great interest in these northern regions, a desire for knowledge which was only in a very slight degree put on for the occasion. He had been there on more than one occasion, but he learned from Britna's conversation, in a very short time, much of what he had been quite ignorant. The ladies were amused at the evident interest the *savant* took in the, as it seemed to them, very minute differences between the dialects of Norendos and Rhusla, especially when Britna illustrated it by one or two short sentences, first in one tongue and then in the other; but they were far more pleased when she spoke of the mountains and pine-forests with which she was familiar, of the seals which inhabited the salt-water lakes and of the whales which were occasionally stranded on the shores. They were rather disappointed when Britna told them they were not to give unhesitating acceptance to everything she said about the mermaid and the sea-serpent.

Rhusla is very far north, but there is no part of it where Britna had been where there was ever perpetual day ; but in her own old home the period between sunrise and sunset is so short, that to them, though they had been taught such things out of books, to hear a living person speak of them was as wonderful as a fairy-tale.

Alé was anxious—perhaps because she was still a heathen—to know how these northern people had been brought over to Christianity. Britna told them the strangely picturesque history of the landing of missionaries from Naverac, and of much of good and evil which followed. Of course she avoided making the slightest allusion to her own fate or that of those who were especially dear to her.

Eklis left early. Soon after his departure Klemenké entered the room, and then, probably acting on what they knew to be the Princess's wish, the ladies too withdrew, and Klemenké was left alone with her two friends.

"Britna, darling," she said, "I am so very sorry I could not spend the evening with you—the first evening in your new home—but it has been impossible, and, ill as I know you are, it would have been cruel for me to have taken you with me ; but I could not go to bed without seeing you and telling Alé who you are."

Alé looked up with eyes full of wonder. The thought flashed through her mind that the lady before her might be the sufferer of Kara. She was far too agitated to speak.

"We owe much—how much we shall never know in this world—to the Lady Alé. She has prayed every day since I have been away, to the martyrs of Kara for you."

Klemenké's words, though not addressed to herself, could leave no doubt on Alé's mind that she was in the presence of the being on whose fate her thoughts had so long dwelt. She fell on her knees before her and pressed her hand to her lips.

"I am very, very grateful to you, Lady Alé," Britna said.

"The prayers of a poor heathen like me could do no good, but I have prayed to them and to another who died——"

"Pardon me, dear Alé, you must not talk any more to Britna now. You do not know how weak she is. I knew that what had happened would give you such intense joy that I could not let you wait till morning ; but I have something further to propose. I have already spoken to my aunt about it. For the next few days this place will be all bustle and confusion,



I therefore want you to take Britna back with you to Parena, when you return. It is cool as well as quiet there. I am sure you will soon make her well and strong again."

We need not say that Alé gladly consented. The deepest longing of her heart had been gratified. She could not but feel that a power other than mere chance had guided events for her own good as well as for that of the meek and gentle sufferer by her side.

## Reviews.

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### I.—GRISAR'S ROME IN THE MIDDLE AGES.<sup>1</sup>

THE publication of Father Grisar's *History of Rome and the Papacy during the Middle Ages*, which is appearing by instalments of sixty-four pages, has of late been somewhat delayed, and we are sorry to learn that the interruption has been caused by the ill-health of the learned author. We have now before us the fourth and fifth parts of this great work. In interest, in thoroughness, and in appropriate pictorial illustration, these pages fully maintain the reputation of those which have preceded them. It is only by slow degrees that we can hope to appreciate the full extent and utility of Father Grisar's researches. These earlier numbers are, however, if we may venture a criticism, rather crowded up with archæological details. No doubt the nature of the subject does not leave the author quite free to choose, but it would relieve the strained attention if we could find here and there a page of straightforward and continuous narrative. None the less, Father Grisar's task is no easy one. He has to find room in a certain sense for theology and controversy, as well as for topography, archæology, and history. To weave all these discordant elements into a pleasant equable narration would tax the powers of the greatest master of language that ever lived. If Gibbon in some sense succeeded, it was only by sacrificing those features which are the very *raison d'être* of the book before us. We may commend in the present instalments the excellent summary of the early history of the Primacy, and the useful details which are given concerning the beginnings of some of the great Roman basilicas. We confidently expect that the day is not very far distant, when Father Grisar's book will be recognized as the primary authority upon the history of the most interesting city in the world.

<sup>1</sup> *Geschichte Roms und der Päpste im Mittelalter* von H. Grisar, S.J. Parts IV. and V. Freiburg: Herder, 1899.

2.—GIHR ON THE SACRAMENTS.<sup>1</sup>

The thoroughness of German literary methods is not without its element of terror for those who, in our superficial age, would like to find a complete course of theology in a handy duodecimo, embellished if possible, with a smart cover and a profusion of illustrations. And yet, if duty or inclination may have led us for once in a way to face the task of steadily reading through one of the volumes of Herder's great *Theologische Bibliothek*, we have rarely regarded the time as ill-spent. The volume now before us consecrates some seven hundred solid pages to the three Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, and the Eucharist. It is essentially a book for the parish priest rather than the theological student, but the latter could not fail to derive great benefit from its perusal. We own that we should have been glad to see rather more account taken of the theological opinions of our own century, and to that end we could have cheerfully resigned ourselves to dispense with Dr. Gihr's sometimes excessive citations of the mediæval schoolmen. On the other hand, those who are in touch with the trend of modern Anglican opinion regarding the Real Presence, would probably have been glad to learn a good deal more than we are here told of the eccentricities of Ambrosius Catharinus. So far as regards his own theological opinions, Dr. Gihr may be recommended to students as an eminently safe and moderate teacher. Upon most moot points, such as the fate in the next world of unbaptized infants, the power of the Church in modifying the form of the Sacraments, the essence of the Sacrifice of the Mass, and so forth, he is careful to avoid extreme views. For any busy priest who has a little knowledge of German and is sometimes at a loss to find suitable matter for sermons and instructions, we strongly recommend this very full and relatively speaking inexpensive treatise on the Sacraments. We may express a hope that the appearance of the companion volume dealing with Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony, may not be very long delayed.

<sup>1</sup> *Die heiligen Sacramente der Katholischen Kirche* von Dr. Nikolaus Gihr. Freiburg: Herder, 1897.

3.—MARTANGE'S CORRESPONDENCE.<sup>1</sup>

Major-General de Martange enjoyed a long life (1722—1806), showed ability and courage as a soldier in the service of France and afterwards of Saxony, but was at his best in diplomacy, negotiation, and intrigue. The great interests of the world were not committed to him, nor to Prince Xavier of Saxony, whom he served. The Prince did not become King of Poland, as he had hoped; and his sister, the Dauphine, like her husband, died before mounting the French throne (1766-7). These letters throw light on the relations of France with Prussia and the minor German States, in the reign of Louis XV., also on the Court and courtiers of that King, as, for instance, the Duc de Choiseul, with whom Martange quarrelled. They are not so much for the general reader as for the minute and painstaking and scholarly historian, who addresses himself to the task of mastering a short period thoroughly. The first piece printed is an elaborate plan for an invasion of England in 1756, with 50,000 men, of whom 10,000 are to fortify and garrison Dover, or other seaport, while the remaining 40,000 are to march up from Kent and Essex, seize London, and beat the small army of 25,000 trained soldiers, all that England has to muster. This would be a matter of three weeks. The English fleet is to be burnt or sunk. The standard of Charles Edward is to be displayed in Scotland and Ireland, over which countries he is to be established as King; while England is to be made "an independent island in the form of a Republic, which would take centuries to become again a rival of France, and would at the same time have sufficient staying-power and jealousy of its liberty to resist the desire which the said King of Scotland and Ireland would be sure to have of re-uniting it to his States." This original project of Home Rule is not wanting in boldness of conception. The author says candidly: "I have no plan of the interior of the country." The interest of this project is that it counts on some support to the invasion from the partisans of the Stuarts; also that it may very possibly have been in the hands of Napoleon in 1803-5. Napoleon, too, counted on finding support from some party in the Three Kingdoms, and had no idea of an invasion otherwise. So he

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondance inédite du Général-Major de Martange, Aide-de-Camp du Prince Xavier de Saxe (1756—1782), avec Introduction et Notes par Charles Bréard.* Paris: Picard. 647 pp.

told Prince Metternich in 1810. "Never should I have been such a fool as to undertake a descent on England, except only in the case of a revolution at home in that country. The army assembled at Boulogne was from first to last the army against Austria. The day of an insurrection in England, I intended to make one detachment of my army cross over to support the insurrection."<sup>1</sup> Martange died a refugee in London.

#### 4.—LA GENÈSE DANS LA POÉSIE LATINE.<sup>2</sup>

Christian poetry took its rise not earlier than the fourth century. Unlike other literatures, the earliest Christian literature is prose. When Christianity was at last established in the Roman Empire, the question of religious education rose into prominence; and Christian instructors of youth saw the difficulty of having nothing but pagan models to set before their charge. Two Christians, father and son, both named Apollinarius, made certainly heroic efforts to supply the defect of Christian literature for schools. Apollinarius *major* composed twenty-four books in the style of Homer on the history of the Hebrew people down to the anointing of King Saul. Apollinarius *minor*, not less indefatigable, composed tragedies in the manner of Euripides, comedies like those of Menander, odes like Pindar, and put the Gospels and the Acts into the form of Platonic dialogues. Sad to say, the historian Socrates tells us that in his time the books of Apollinarius were off the roll of current literature. The fifth century Latin poems, which the Abbé Gamber discusses, were written with the same object as the Greek productions of the two Apollinari. They are six in number. (1) *Genesis*, in 1458 hexameters, narrating the history from the creation to the death of Moses. Dr. J. Mayor of Cambridge in 1889 published an elaborate commentary, grammatical and philological, on this work, with the title, *The Latin Heptateuch*. Its author is a certain Cyprian, otherwise unknown. The date of the work is probably in the first half of the fifth century. (2) *Alethia* (*ἀλήθεια*, truth) in 2,020 hexameters, ends with the destruction of Sodom. Its author was Victorinus, or Victor, a rhetorician of Marseilles. (3) *Metrum in Genesim* gives the

<sup>1</sup> *Memoires de Metternich*, I. 38, 39.

<sup>2</sup> *La Genèse dans la Poésie Latine au Vme Siècle*. Par l'Abbé Stanislas Gamber, Docteur ès Lettres. Paris: Fontemoing. 263 pp.

first six chapters of Genesis in 198 hexameters, dedicated to St. Leo the Great, by one Hilarius, otherwise unknown. (4) *Carmen de Deo*, or *Hexameron*, by Blossius Aemilius Draconius, in 2,164 hexameters, dedicated to Gonthamond, the Vandal King of Africa, though not expressly a versification of Genesis, borrows much of its subject from the Mosaic record. The author lived in Africa, a wealthy man with many children, at the end of the fifth century. There is extant an elegiac poem of his, called *Satisfactio*. (5) *De spiritalis historiae gestis*, by St. Avitus, Bishop of Vienne, 490—518. The work is in five books, a sort of *Paradise Lost*, treating of the creation, original sin and its punishment, the deluge, and the passage of the Red Sea, making in all about 2,500 hexameters. (6) *De Sodoma*, 166 hexameters on the destruction of Sodom, written in Gaul by an unknown author: to which is added an unfinished poem, apparently by the same hand, 505 verses, *De Jona*.

To judge by the extracts given by the Abbé Gamber, the versification of these poems is singularly smooth and Virgilian. The imitation of Virgil is obvious throughout. There are also evidences of the false taste of the epoch, especially in the playing upon words, and the preponderance of erudition over imagination. The orthodoxy of these works is unimpeachable, as the Abbé shows. We quote some verses from the *Carmen de Deo*, which have an interest for our time. They describe the creation of Adam.

Limus adhuc deformis erat, membratur in artus  
Corporeos species hominis, coelestis imago.  
Conspicitur nova forma viri, sine mente parumper,  
Spiritus infusus subito per membra cucurrit,  
Et calefacta rubens tenuit prae cordia sanguis.  
Mox rubuere genae, totos rubor inficit artus :  
Jam cutis est, qui pulvis erat, jam terra medullas  
Ossibus includit, surgunt in messe capilli :  
—— orbe micant gemmantia lumina visus,  
Et vocem compago dedit, nova machina surgens  
Auctorem laudare suum, gavisa quod esset.

The Abbé Gamber is to be congratulated upon the scholarship and industry evident throughout his work.

5.—IDYLS OF KILLOWEN.<sup>1</sup>

The readers of THE MONTH will need no new commendation of Father Russell's poetical work, of which the present instalment is well calculated to maintain the standard. The sisterhood of humour and pathos is well instanced in the "idyls" of Killowen, by their constant association, not merely between the covers of the same book, but even in many cases between the limits of the same poem. Take for example the "Amethyst," where,

From *alpha*, "non," and *methuo*, "ebrius sum,"  
Our amethyst's sonorous name has come,

is followed within a few lines by,

Thy Grace alone is our true amethyst,  
not, however, without a foregoing apology :

So sacred is the purpose of my strain—  
Let me begin it in a lighter vein.

His sense of rhyme and metre is always true, except in such a confessed *tour de force* as "The Yarra-Yarra unvisited," where, in most cases, "ara" is made to rhyme with "arra."

In the "Irish literary 'Learics,'" we have Professors Mahaffy, Dowden, Tyrrell, and other literary celebrities of Erin immortalized in nonsense verses, after Lear's pattern. For example :

Professor R. Yelverton Tyrrell  
In Latin is brisk as a squirrel,  
And e'en his Greek prose  
As pleasantly flows  
As the English of Lang or of Birrell.

We feel tempted to take up the cudgels in behalf of the defenceless dons, and to reply :

To explain this abnormal affinity  
'Twixt poesy, chaff, and divinity,  
In Father Mat. Russell  
Were a problem to puzzle  
The most versatile genius of Trinity.

<sup>1</sup> *Idyls of Killowen.* By Father Matthew Russell, S.J. London: Bowden, 1899.



6.—LIÉVIN, LIÉVINETTE.<sup>1</sup>

The indefatigable pen of M. Charles d'Héricault has given us another of his charming romances of contemporary French life, which we can thoroughly recommend to our readers. It deals with the Socialist movement in France, and describes the efforts of a Catholic gentleman to promote what he considers the legitimate aspirations of the working classes. Comte de la Ferté St.-Vast, a distinguished military officer, on retiring from the army, devotes himself to the work of Christian Socialist propaganda, and settles down in a mining district, inhabited by a seething mass of grimy humanity, whom he sets to work to elevate in the social scale. The book contains some capitally drawn types of French life and character. St.-Vast, a perfect specimen of the Christian noble, with strong, if somewhat crude democratic tendencies, the Marquis de Bondelmont, "un cerveau froid sceptique rusé, avec une âme corrompue et le cœur égoïste, d'une témérité qui n'a jamais reculé devant rien, d'une extravagance qui ne connaît pas de bornes;" Le Colonel Verbières, "un homme de 65 ans, droit, roide vert, vigoureux, à la physionomie austère, avec une ombre de lassitude qu'expliquait la petulance de sa femme;" le docteur Balavoine "tout d'une avec une figure longue, très maigre, . . . des yeux noirs, petit, extrême vivacité, irritables, malicieux et maniaques;" le cabaretier Lamenteux, leader of the Socialists, and a giant in strength; M. de Fontailles and his wife, the *châtelains* of the neighbourhood; their two charming daughters, Blandine and Antoinette; Léocadie, their former maid and now the waitress at the cabaret; all these and many others, grave, grotesque, attractive, or repellant in turn, are sketched with a really marvellous skill by the master-hand of M. d'Héricault. St.-Vast and his brother fall in love with Blandine and Antoinette, but are refused by the parents of the latter, who believe that an hereditary curse of a peculiar and fearful character hangs over their family, and fear to transmit it to others. The secret of what it is is skilfully concealed until the end of the book. The description of the fire at the cabaret, from which Blandine de Fontailles rescues the Socialist's child at the certain peril of her own life, is a magnificent piece of writing. Very touching, too, is the scene where the dying girl, unable to write herself,

<sup>1</sup> *Liévin, Liévinette.* Par Charles de Ricault d'Héricault. Henri Gautier, Quai des Grands Augustins, 55, à Paris.

dictates her last message for her betrothed to the saintly Curé, her life-long friend and pastor, who sits by her death-bed, a consoling angel of hope and comfort. We must not reveal the clever and ingenious conclusion of this remarkable book, or the elucidation of the mystery which runs through its pages. Our readers will do this for themselves. Like other of M.d'Héricault's works, it contains a scathing denunciation of the custom of duelling, which is unfortunately so prevalent among the author's countrymen. As he makes the heroic St.-Vast observe in a striking passage, "Le duel est absurde, c'est souvent une faiblesse et toujours un crime. Cela touche au suicide ou à l'assassinat." Probably, the greatest act of courage which a Frenchman of to-day can perform is to refuse a challenge, as Comte Albert de Mun and M. Louis Veuillot amongst others have done. The latter on a memorable occasion once replied to a challenge, "My life belongs to Jesus Christ, and He has not too many defenders now."

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7.—THE ORANGE SOCIETY.<sup>1</sup>

Father H. W. Cleary's *The Orange Society*, of which the Catholic Truth Society now gives us our English edition, was originally published at Melbourne in 1897, and has already run through ten Australian editions. What led to its compilation was the occurrence of an extraordinary scandal in 1896, when a wholly ungrounded charge was maliciously brought against a Catholic Post Office *employé* by certain Orangemen, with the object of getting him displaced. The author thought it desirable to show his fellow-colonists that the scandal was not an isolated incident, but was in keeping with the traditional behaviour towards Catholics, not indeed of all Orangemen, for there are many harmless and excellent persons among them, but of the class who may be said to form the centre and substance of the Orange Associations. Father Cleary has been somewhat over-weighted by his materials, which are not arranged as clearly as one could have wished. It would have been better if he had followed a more chronological order. But he has been careful to base his facts on the evidence of Royal Commissions, and other official reports, and on the testimony of witnesses whose bias would have been naturally on the Orange side rather than

<sup>1</sup> *The Orange Society.* By the Rev. H. W. Cleary. London: Catholic Truth Society.

against it. He has studied moderation too, and has not forgotten the blame at times attaching to the Catholic side, although justifiably claiming for them that usually they were not the original offenders, but rather victims goaded into retaliation.

On reading such a book as this, one instinctively compares it with the *Secret History of the Oxford Movement*. In both there is question of Associations charged with hiding from public view the inner springs of their action, but the ground of offence is immeasurably more serious in the case of the Orangemen. The most that Mr. Walsh, with all his researches into private documents, was able to lay against the Ritualists was that their private acceptance of Catholic doctrines and practices somewhat outran what they publicly taught. What lies against the Orange Societies—is that the aim and object of their existence, as seen in their consistent actions, has been to kindle and maintain religious animosities. Take the Twelfth of July celebrations as an example. A Catholic procession is a religious act; there is nothing aggressive about it; its emblems are representations of our Lord and His Saints, and His worship and their intercession are the subjects of its hymns. An Orange procession, on the other hand, is wholly directed to the end of giving offence. Its emblems are pictures insinuating charges against the Catholic Church, its songs are such as "Boyne Water," or "Croppies lie down." Nor are the processionists wont to be content with any ordinary route, but their endeavour is to pass through some Catholic quarter, where they may shout defiance at its denizens, and provoke them beyond endurance. Thomas Drummond, when Under-Secretary for Ireland, wrote: "I am busy with the arrangements for the 12th of July, the day the Orange demons walk. It is very difficult to allay their fiendish spirit." This was as far back as 1836, but the characterization would hardly be excessive in the present day, for these annual processions still continue in quite the old spirit, fostering hatreds, and at times even sacrificing lives, when otherwise peace and harmony would readily prevail. Father Cleary's book is well worth reading by all who would know something of Orangeism, and may easily be a revelation to many who have no conception how under the boasted justice of British rule a class of bigots can secure for themselves immunity to gratuitously insult, injure, and at times even slay the objects of their sectarian antipathy.

8.—A MANUAL OF PATROLOGY.<sup>1</sup>

The fact that this little manual is introduced to English readers by Mgr. Schobel, and still more that it has secured a Preface by the Bishop of Newport, is sufficient indication of its value for its purpose. If a manual of Patrology is to aim at fulness of information it should be very voluminous indeed, but what Dom Bernard Schmid has aimed at is to provide a concise treatise which a student may have at his elbow, to give him just enough information about the lives and writings of the Fathers to enable him to place what he reads in its proper literary and historical setting. To compile a manual of this kind is not so easy. Great judgment is required in the selection of matter, and a power of stating clearly in as few words as possible what needs to be said. The little treatise before us satisfies all these conditions.

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9.—INSTRUCTIONS IN CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.<sup>2</sup>

Books of instruction are multiplying, and we have two of a somewhat ample kind lying before us. One is a translation from the French, of the Abbé Luche's Catechism of Rodez, explained in the form of sermons. It is intended primarily for preachers, to whom it is suggested that they might with its aid make up for themselves a four years' course of pulpit instructions. In keeping with this suggestion of the author's, the Bishop of Cleveland, in a short recommendation prefixed, remarks very appositely: "What our people need is less of sermons, but far more of instructions. Unless they know their holy faith, its doctrines, its sacraments, its practices of piety, and all that constitutes real Catholicity, they cannot love it; if they do love it, they will not practise it; if they do not practise it, they will not make sacrifices for it; and sacrifice is the very soul of religion." Here is a useful thought for a young priest in search of matter for his Sunday evening sermons. As regards the quality of the Abbé Luche's book, there is not much else to say,

<sup>1</sup> *A Manual of Patrology.* By the Rev. Bernard Schmid, O.S.B. Freely translated and revised by the Right Rev. Mgr. V. J. Schobel. St. Louis: Herder.

<sup>2</sup> *The Catechism of Rodez explained in form of Sermons.* By the Abbé Luche. Translated and adapted by the Rev. John Thein. St. Louis: Herder.

*The Catechism Explained.* From the original of the Rev. Francis Spirago. Edited by the Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S.J. New York: Benziger.

save that it is good, that he writes clearly and soundly, and follows the beaten track.

*The Catechism Explained* is a really superior work of its kind, and one that no priest in charge of souls will regret to have placed on his shelves. Indeed, it would almost suffice as a manual for a short course of theology. The author follows the plan of giving all the essential truths of religion in short statements in large print. But what is special to him, is that in the longer small print paragraphs he does not merely add fuller explanations, but accompanies this with material for the appeal to the heart, pregnant passages from Holy Scripture and the Fathers, historical illustrations, comparisons, and such-like. It is difficult to find room for a specimen, but the following short extract may suffice.

Iron placed in the fire becomes heated, and glows like the fire itself; so the Holy Spirit, entering into the soul and dwelling there (1 Cor. vi. 19), gives it a new nature, a light and glory which we call "sanctifying grace." That God is drawn to men by their co-operation with His grace, appears from God's own words: "Turn ye to Me, . . . and I will turn to you." (Zach. i. 3.) . . . The soul acquires a great beauty by the presence of the Holy Spirit, says St. John Chrysostom. "He who enters into the state of grace is like a man bowed down with infirmities and age, who by a miracle has been transformed into a beautiful youth, dressed in purple and carrying a sceptre." . . . We are in consequence of sanctifying grace no longer the servants of God, but His friends. (St. John iii. 15.) The expression "friendship" of itself implies a certain likeness; and this elevation from the state of sin to that of friendship with God is called "justification" (Council of Trent, vi. 4), or "regeneration" (St. John iii. 5; Titus iii. 4-7), or "the putting off of the old man, and the putting on of the new." (Ephes. iv. 22.) Examples: As soon as David, Paul, and the prodigal son repented, they received the Holy Ghost and the gift of sanctifying grace; otherwise they would never have accomplished their great sacrifice.

This extract refers to an ordinary subject, though one not easy to explain, but the author is also very up to date in his provision of matter. Under the Fifth Commandment a priest or catechist may find matter for an instruction on the treatment due to animals, under the Seventh matter for one on Socialism, and annexed to the portion on the Holy Mass is quite a little treatise on Church music and singing. The views of the author on questions which are of opinion only are always moderate and sensible.

10.—LE P. DE L'HERMITE.<sup>1</sup>

This is not a book on Peter the Hermit, the inspirer of the first Crusade. It is the life of a priest, an Oblate of Mary Immaculate, who grew up under the direction of Mgr. de Mazenod, the venerable Founder of the Congregation. Le Père de l'Hermite closed a laborious life, January 3, 1890. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate are well known in London and in other parts of England. As we have known them, such was le Père de l'Hermite, a devout and pious priest, a wise Superior, a patriotic Frenchman. His name is no accident, but, as the Appendix shows, marks his claim to belong to the family which produced the great Peter the Hermit.

11.—THE REACTION FROM AGNOSTIC SCIENCE.<sup>2</sup>

*The Reaction from Agnostic Science* is not a satisfactory book. Such a subject requires to be handled by one who has thoroughly mastered it, and can state his points temperately, with due respect for the distinguished scientific men whose conclusions he has to controvert. Father Madden does not appear to have these qualifications. He treats the reasonings of men like Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer, in the most jaunty fashion, whilst on the other hand it is very difficult to extract from his chapters anything of value to set against them. The best thing in the book is the account of the Socialistic experiments made in Paraguay quite recently by the Queensland colonists led by a man named Lane, and of the Village Settlements in New Zealand. But even as regards these the information given is too slender to meet the desires of the reader.

*Literary Record.*

## I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

*Christian Education, or the Duties of Parents* (Herder), *The Ideal New Woman* (Herder), and *Home Truths for Mary's Children* (Burns and Oates), are three books of the same kind,

<sup>1</sup> *Le P. de l'Hermite des Missionnaires Oblats de Marie Immaculée.* Par le R. P. Marius Devés de la même Congregation.

<sup>2</sup> *The Reaction from Agnostic Science.* By the Rev. W. J. Madden. Herder, Freiburg-im-Breisgau; St. Louis.

that is, instructions on the duties of life. *The Ideal New Woman*, which is from the French of the Comtesse Ernestine de Tremaudine, is a study of the women of Scripture as setting the type of what Christian Womanhood should be, in contrast with what the New Woman aspires after. It is not particularly illuminating. *Home Truths for Mary's Children* is by E. G. B., one of the nuns of St. André, at Streatham. It is a really excellent book for its purpose, and deserves to be recommended to our young Catholic girls, whether Children of Mary or not. The authoress writes from an evident experience of girl-life, and singles out just the points to which a solid spirituality should attend. She writes in a bright easy style, and abounds in happy images and illustrations. *Christian Education, or the Duties of Parents*, is a translation from the German of Father Becker, S.J. One of the gravest scandals of the age is the extent to which parents, Catholic parents among them, are insensible to their responsibility for the moral and religious training of their children. Nor do they seem to realize that such training is an art which requires to be learnt. It would be well if they would study some such book like Father Becker's, which is full of wholesome matter for their reflection, although it is to be regretted that he should be unnecessarily severe on theatres and dancing.

*The Young Man's Way to Happiness* and *The Our Father*, both published by Messrs. Herder, are by Father Wetzels, whose little instructions are always pleasant and practical.

*The True Forces*, by Ismal Oswin (Burns and Oates), is the translation of a course of sermons delivered in Notre Dame by Père d'Auriault, S.J., in the Lent of 1898. The true forces, as expounded by the preacher, are our Lady and St. Joseph, who through the influence of their example and intercession on the minds and hearts of men, promote that true civilization which alone is able to heal the maladies of the age.

*Litanie S.S. Cordis Jesu* (London: Cary and Co., Oxford Circus Avenue, 231, Oxford Street, W.), are by Father F. de Zulueta, S.J. The Litany of the Sacred Heart is by no means easy to set to music, chiefly on account of the length of the invocations. Father Zulueta arranges them as a duet for the cantors with organ accompaniment, and to avoid monotony changes the chant and the key during the sequence, and then returns to the original ones. The responses are throughout in unison. Father Zulueta displays much ingenuity in this form of composition. He is fond of



surprises in harmony, and quick resolutions and changes of key ; but, though not archaic, his work is always ecclesiastical in character.

An admirable specimen of the better class of literature published by the C.T.S. is to be seen in Cardinal Moran's volume entitled *The Catholics of Ireland under the Penal Laws in the Eighteenth Century*. The book costs half-a-crown, and is excellently got up. The ornamental cloth binding with its shamrock border is a model of good taste. For the value of the contents Cardinal Moran's name is a sufficient guarantee. Though we read in the Preface that "no one perhaps will be more convinced than the writer that the sketch here presented is far from being perfect or complete," the general effect of the dozen short chapters is very satisfying. They leave a most vivid and interesting picture of the cruel disabilities under which all Catholic Irishmen laboured even in the comparative calm of the eighteenth century.

The Catholic Truth Society also sends us *The Land I love best*, by Miss Katharine Tynan, a series of short stories of Irish life, full of tender pathos and religious feeling, all in her best style ; also No. II. of the New Series of *Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case* ; also a *Life of St. Edward of England*, or St. Edward the Confessor, written by Miss A. Streeter. Readers of THE MONTH will be prepared for the skill with which she handles a subject somewhat difficult on account of the scarcity of the records, and contrives to give a presentation of our great English Saint which is both historical and life-like. It is an addition which was wanted to the Biographical Series.

*The Saints of the Rosary* form a very attractive series of penny Saints' Lives published by the managers of *The Irish Rosary*, but sold in England by the Catholic Truth Society. Three new numbers are before us, Blessed Maria Bartolomea, Blessed Columba of Rieti, and Blessed Jane of Portugal, and Blessed Reginald of Orleans. An illustrated cover and other illustrations in the text make these little books look very bright. Full justice seems to be done to the miraculous element in the Lives. We note from the list of these tracts, already printed or in preparation, that the series of "Saints of the Rosary" is not confined to those who are in the strict sense saints (Savonarola, for instance, is included), and we also venture to think that the Rosary was hardly known to all of them in the form in which

it is known to us. At any rate, it would be difficult to prove the affirmative from any existing contemporary evidence.

*Clement of Rome and other Tales of the Early Church* are fictions founded on the records and legends of the early Church, and are well-suited to interest young readers in some of the principal characters of the Patristic age. Father John Freeland is the author, and Messrs. Burns and Oates are the publishers. *Paul Rees, a Story of the coming Reformation*, by Augustinus (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), is a very improbable story of a coming ultra-Protestant Reformation, which, after carrying with it the whole country, is overthrown by the effects of some Holywell miracles. The author takes an unpardonable liberty with the names of living people. *The Turkish Camp and other Stories* (Herder), are detached stories translated from the German.

The account of St. Rose of Lima, which has been published by Miss F. M. Capes under the title of *The Flower of the New World* (R. Washbourne), is pleasantly written, and will no doubt find favour with the Dominican tertiaries for whom it is specially intended. It is not a work of erudition, and follows in the wake of the Lives previously published, but it is introduced by a sympathetic Preface from the pen of the Very Rev. Father Procter, Provincial of the Dominicans, who calls attention to the predominant part which the Dominicans have played in the conversion and sanctification of the New World.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

*Some contents of foreign Periodicals :*

The ÉTUDES. (October 5 and 20.)

The Papal Encyclical to the French Clergy. Dramatic Studies. *C. de Beaupuy*. Military Profiles—Bourbaki. *H. Chérot*. The New Spirit and Neutrality. *P. Targile*. The Story of an Idea—Freedom of Education and the Monopoly of the Universities. *J. Burnichon*. Spiritualism. *L. Roue*. Bossuet's Panegyric of St. Francis of Sales. *Dom B. Mackey*. The Catholic Movement in England. *H. Bremond*.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (October 7 and 21.)

Text of the Papal Encyclical to the French Clergy. Is the Papal Sovereignty to be effective or merely honorific? The Concordat between the First Consul and Pius VII.

The Spurious Letters of Lorenzo Ganganelli. The Campo Santo of Pisa. Anticlericalism and the Dreyfus Case. The Centenary of Parini and the origin of the "Giorno." Boniface VIII. and a famous Dante Commentator. The Danger of Americanism. Count de Gubernatis and the Jesuits.

DER KATHOLIK. (October.)

Thomas Bridgett—Convert, Writer, and Redemptorist. *Dr. A. Bellesheim.* The Cemetery of St. Hermes. *F. Stock.* The Coptic Apocalypse of Elias and Sophonias. *C. Holzhey.* Rigorism and the Number of the Elect. *B. Deppe.* Reviews, &c.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (October.)

Federation of Associations and the Catholic Clubs. *C. Woeste.* My Arrival at Ceylon. *J. Leclercq.* Tailfer. *F. Cousot.* The League of the "Coin de Terre et du Foyer Insaisissables." *Prosper Sacy.* Richelieu as a Bishop. *H. de Fonseca.* Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (October.)

The Epistle to the Galatians. *E. Jacquier.* On Lecturing—Thoughts suggested by the Hello Conference. *Abbe Delfour.* Alcoholism. *A. Arduin.* The Triple Alliance in the light of Fresh Documents. *Count J. Grabinski.* Recent Works on History. *C. Bouvier.* Reviews, &c.

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (4th Quarter.)

The Social Aspects of Old Testament Prophecy. *F. Walter.* Paul Hoffæus in his Unpublished Letters. *B. Duhr.* Herrad von Landsperg. *G. Dreves.* Justification through Christ in the Theology of St. Paul. *J. Wieser.* Reviews, &c.

